BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

BUTLER VOLUME III.

SATIRES.

Mortimer del. Hall sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1st 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM

THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you must know Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honour.----HUD. AT COURT.
 But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail. HUD.'s EPITAPH.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

GENUINE REMAINS.

Published from the

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

Formerly in the possession of

WILLIAM LONGUEVILLE, ESQ.

BY MR. THYER,

KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

AT MANCHESTER.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

PREFACE.

It would be very unjuſt to the memory of a writer ſo much and ſo juſtly eſteemed as Butler, to ſuppoſe it neceſſary to make any formal apology for the publication of theſe *Remains*. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his claſs cannot fail of recommending itſelf to every reader of taſte; and all that can be required from the Publiſher is to ſatisfy the World that it is not impoſed upon by falſe and ſpurious pretenſions.

This has already been attempted in the printed Propoſals for the ſubſcription; but as the periſhing form of a looſe paper ſeems too frail a monument to preſerve a teſtimony of ſo much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the ſubſtance of what I obſerved upon that occaſion—That the Manuſcripts, from which this Work is printed, are Butler's own handwriting, as evidently appears from ſome original letters of his found amongſt them—That, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—That, upon Mr. Longueville's deceaſe, they became the property of his ſon, the late Charles Longueville, Eſq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Eſq. and that this gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to inſert the following certificate of their authenticity.

"I do hereby certify, That the Papers now propofed to be publifhed by Mr. Thyer, are the *original manufcripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Efq.

Walgherton, Chefhire, Nov. 20, 1754. JOHN CLARKE."

Although, from evidence of fuch a nature, there cannot remain the leaft doubt about the genuinenefs of this Work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler, yet it muft be owned, at the fame time, that there is not the fame degree of perfection and exactnefs in all the compofitions here printed. Some are finifhed with the utmoft accuracy, and were fairly tranfcribed for the prefs, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finifhed, and wrote with the fame fpirit and peculiar vein of humour which diftinguifhes him from all other writers, feem as if, upon a fecond review, he would have retouched and amended in fome little particulars; and fome few are left unfinifhed, or at leaft parts of them are loft or perifhed. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet's character and memory, and neceffary to befpeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Pofthumous Works of every writer have a juft claim to.

It is, I know, a common obfervation, that it is doing injuftice to a departed genius to publifh fragments,

or ſuch pieces as he had not given the laſt hand to.—Without controverting the juſtneſs of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular caſe, and that a writer of ſo extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of fooliſh fondneſs to purchaſe at a great expenſe, or preſerve with a particular care, the unfiniſhed works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is eſteemed a mark of fine taſte to procure, at almoſt any price, the rough ſketches and half-formed deſigns of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated maſter. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman ſtatuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itſelf obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible ſcraps of an ancient claſſic; no reaſon can, I think, be aſſigned why a genius of more modern date ſhould not be entitled to the ſame privilege, except we will abſurdly and enthuſiaſtically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals.—It may be added, too, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almoſt ſingular, too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his muſt acquire a proportionable degree of value and curioſity.

I ſhall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own ſentiments upon theſe *remains;* and ſhall rather chuſe to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully diſcharged the office of an Editor, and ſhall leave to future critics the pleaſure of criticiſing and remarking, approving or condemning. The Notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only ſuch as were neceſſary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining ſome circumſtances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but obſerve that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondneſs for ſcribbling, too common upon ſuch occaſions *.

Although my Author ſtands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following ſheets, the world may probably think that the Publiſher does, for not permitting him to do it ſooner.—All that I have to ſay, and to perſons of candor I need to ſay no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad ſtate of health, and a conſequent indiſpoſition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any ſelfiſh narrow views of my own.

* In this edition of Butler's *Genuine Remains*, a few explanatory notes only are retained, ſuch being neceſſary to bring the reader acquainted with ſeveral circumſtances alluded to in the following Poems, but not generally known.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A LEARN'D ſociety of late,
The glory of a foreign ſtate,
Agreed, upon a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real eſtate, and perſonal;
And make an accurate ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The ſly ſurveyors ſtole a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country, how 'twas planted,
With what ſh' abounded moſt, or wanted;
And make the proper'ſt obſervations
For ſettling of new plantations,
If the Society ſhou'd incline
T' attempt ſo glorious a deſign.
This was the purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the ſcale
With which they heav'n itſelf aſſail,

This Poem was intended by the Author for a ſatire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at leaſt, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoſi taſte, and a whimſical fondneſs for ſurpriſing and wonderful ſtories in natural hiſtory.

Was mounted full againſt the Moon,
And all ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould have the honour
To plant an enſign firſt upon her.
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoſo then in chief,
Approv'd the moſt profound, and wiſe,
To ſolve impoſſibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her thro';
When all the reſt began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not underſtand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Againſt the ſun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Becauſe their people's civiller

Than thofe rude peafants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both fides flain,
As by the glafs 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May fee the fight before 'tis done.
  With that a great philofopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of fingular invention,
But univerfal comprehenfion,
Apply'd one eye, and half a nofe,
Unto the optic engine clofe:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publifh in a book,
That men, whofe nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought
To fee with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of thofe,
To make an optic of a nofe,
As clearly' it may, by thofe that wear
But fpectacles, be made appear,
By which both fenfes being united,
Does render them much better fighted.

This great man, having fixt both ſights
To view the formidable fights,
Obſerv'd his beſt, and then cry'd out,
The battle's deſperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a ſally
Upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
These ſilly ranting Privolvans,
Have every ſummer their campains,
And muſter, like the warlike ſons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as ſoland geeſe
I' th' iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a ſtand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence tranſlated:
For as th'Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,

They ftill retain the antique courfe
And cuftom of their anceftors,
And always fing and fiddle to
Things of the greateft weight they do.
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' affembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And folid judgment, in the Moon,
That underftood her various foils,
And which produc'd beft genet-moyles,
And in the regifter of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a ftart, and ftar'd—
Quoth he, A ftranger fight appears
Than e'er was feen in all the fpheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of thofe
Two mighty armies is broke loofe,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, left the fight of us
Shou'd caufe the ftartled beaft t' imbofs.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.

And ſince the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt, 'tis thought,
Againſt the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo noble a diſcourſe on,
And amply ſatisfy'd us all
Of th' Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Tho' we had now diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made manifeſt,
Since, from the greateſt to the leaſt,
All other ſtars and conſtellations
Have cattle of all ſorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's hoard,
With great and num'rous droves is ſtor'd:
And if the Moon produce by Nature,
A people of ſo vaſt a ſtature,
'Tis conſequent ſhe ſhou'd bring forth
Far greater beaſts, too, than the earth,
(As by the beſt accounts appears
Of all our great'ſt diſcoverers)
And that thoſe monſtrous creatures there
Are not ſuch rarities as here.
  Mean while the reſt had had a ſight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,

And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his ſhare,
Proud of his int'reſt in the glory
Of ſo miraculous a ſtory;
When one, who for his excellence
In height'ning words and ſhad'wing ſenſe,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microſcopic wit,
Was magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, tranſported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
  Moſt excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great diſcov'ry makes amends
For all our unſucceſsful pains,
And loſt expenſe of time and brains:
For, by this ſole phænomenon,
We 'ave gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
With all the planets that ſtand out;
To carry this moſt virtuous war
Home to the door of every ſtar,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Againſt their proudeſt magnitudes;
To ſtretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our enſigns,
Upon the fixt ſtars' vaſt dimenſions,

(Which Archimede, ſo long ago,
Durſt not preſume to wiſh to do)
And prove if they are other ſuns,
As ſome have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence thoſe bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others gueſs)
That ſhine i' the mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have atchiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our beſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, believ'd ill ſigns.
T' out-throw, and ſtretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor ſhall our ableſt virtuoſis
Prove arguments for coffeehouſes;
Nor thoſe devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor thoſe made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our ſtricteſt judges, right or wrong;
Nor ſhall our paſt misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient ſcore;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men ſuſpect us ſtill i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,

Make them fufpect our fculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor fhall our fpeculations, whether
An elder-ftick will fave the leather
Of fchoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one difcovery's enough
To take all former fcandals off—
But fince the world's incredulous
Of all our fcrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our beft and worft experiments,
(As if they' were deftin'd to mifcarry,
In confort try'd, or folitary)
And fince it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur agen,
Let us as cautioufly contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can fwear
Our eyes themfelves have feen appear,
That, when we publifh the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon't.
This faid, they all with one confent
Agreed to draw up th' Inftrument,
And, for the gen'ral fatisfaction,
To print it in the next Tranfaction.
But whilft the chiefs were drawing up
This ftrange Memoir o' th' telefcope,

One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the weſt ſide of the Moon
To th' eaſt was in a moment gone.
This b'ing related, gave a ſtop
To what the reſt were drawing up;
And every man, amaz'd anew
How it cou'd poſſibly be true,
That any beaſt ſhould run a race
So monſtrous, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Reſolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At leaſt as poſſible as he cou'd,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than queſtion what he 'ad ſeen with them.
While all were thus reſolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who can ſay
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Eſpecially at ſo hugely vaſt
A diſtance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the leaſt error of the ſight
May ſhow things falſe, but never right;
Nor can we try them, ſo far off,
By any ſublunary proof:
For who can ſay that Nature there
Has the ſame laws ſhe goes by here?
Nor is it like ſhe has infus'd,
In every ſpecies there produc'd,

The ſame efforts ſhe does confer
Upon the ſame productions here,
Since thoſe with us, of ſeveral nations,
Have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo much to uſe
Variety in all ſhe does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, tho' I grant
We 'ave ſeen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ ſo
From thoſe upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and ſpeed,
As being of a diff'rent breed,
That tho' our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be Elephants, no leſs
Than thoſe of Indian pedigrees.
  This ſaid, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wiſe, then ſaid—All this is true,
And learnedly obſerv'd by you;
But there's another reaſon for't,
That falls but very little ſhort
Of mathematic demonſtration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be

But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Tho' he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phænomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.
With this they all were satisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosis for their pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done,

With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practiſe what they ſee;
When one, whoſe turn it was to peep,
Saw ſomething in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, diſcover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is ſlunk
Into the long ſtar-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down ſo nigh,
I have him juſt againſt mine eye.
  This being overheard by one
Who was not ſo far overgrown
In any virtuous ſpeculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a gueſs
At ſolving all appearances,
A way far more ſignificant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
And found, upon a ſecond view,
His own hypotheſis moſt true;
For he had ſcarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a Mouſe was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, ſhut between
The two glaſs windows in reſtraint,
Was ſwell'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occaſion
Of all this learned diſſertation;

And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they ſay, and bore
A ſilly mouſe, this mouſe, as ſtrange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
  Mean while the reſt in conſultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and wit,
T' atteſt the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phænomenon
Confounded all they 'ad ſaid or done:
For 'twas no ſooner hinted at,
But they' all were in a tumult ſtrait,
More furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than thoſe that in the Moon made war,
To find ſo admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have ſeen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obſtructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whoſe taſk was to determin,
And ſolve th' appearances of vermin,
Who 'ad made profound diſcoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Tho' not ſo curious, 'tis true,
As many a wiſe rat-catcher knew)
After he had with ſigns made way
For ſomething great he had to ſay;
          This diſquiſition
Is, half of it, in my diſciſſion;

For tho' the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs of right to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, b'ing but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and ſwears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have leave to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret's half made out;
And, 'cauſe perhaps it is not true,
Obſtruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing elſe but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reſerv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd ſocieties;
Delights in ſolit'ry abodes,
And never ſhews herſelf in crowds;
A ſullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and ſhow;
That deal in novelty, and change,
Not of things true, but rare and ſtrange,
To treat the world with what is fit,
And proper to its nat'ral wit;

The world, that never ſets eſteem
On what things are, but what they ſeem,
And if they be not ſtrange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for b'ing true.
For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wiſely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world ſtill ſtrive to keep it cloſe;
For if all ſecret truths were known,
Who wou'd not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in't,
And here, perhaps, may croſs ſome hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly fruſtrate all we 'ave done,
Only to make new work for ſtubs,
And all the academic clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his ſhare,
Nor dare to underſtand, henceforth,
More than his contribution's worth;
That thoſe who 'ave purchas'd of the college
A ſhare, or half a ſhare, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Shou'd not b' admitted to diſpute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend comes to?

For partners have been always known
To cheat their public int'reſt prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis ſure to run the ſelf-ſame courſe.
  This ſaid, the whole aſſembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Reſolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of ſtrong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
  This b'ing reſolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouſe, and Moon;
But ſtill the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unſatiſfy'd,
In no one thing they ſaw agreeing,
As if they 'ad ſev'ral faiths of ſeeing.
Some ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they 'ad ſeen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One ſyllable of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,

And knew not whether to eſpouſe
The cauſe of th' Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held no way ſo orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private ſatisfaction,
To re-examine the Tranſaction,
And after explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould find cauſe for the beſt.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly gave conſent;
But ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the firſt phænomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious ſwarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter, by miſchance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.
This b'ing diſcover'd, put them all
Into a freſh and fiercer brawl,
Aſham'd that men ſo grave and wiſe
Shou'd be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as thoſe who, when the Moon
Bright in a cryſtal river ſhone,

Threw caſting-nets as ſubtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
But when they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where th' impoſtor was,
And ſaw the Mouſe, that, by miſhap,
Had made the teleſcope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be ſo openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this diſcovery alone,
That thoſe who greedily purſue
Things wonderful, inſtead of true,
That in their ſpeculations chuſe
To make diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And nat'ral hiſt'ry a Gazette
Of tales ſtupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they pleaſe,
In vain ſtrive Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with ſcorn.

℣. 509 510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may obſerve that the Poet's real intention, in this ſatire, was not to ridicule real and uſeful philoſophy, but only that conceited and whimſical taſte for the marvellous and ſurpriſing which prevailed ſo much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many uſeful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in juſtice to the ſatiriſt, it muſt be confeſſed that theſe curious inquirers into Nature did ſometimes, in their reſearches, run into a ſuperſtitious and unphiloſophical credulity, which deſerved very well to be laughed at.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE *.

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
The pride and glory of a foreign ſtate,
Made an agreement, on a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect invent'ry of all
Her real fortunes, or her perſonal,
And make a geometrical ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The ſly ſurveyor's ſaid t' have ſunk a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what ſhe moſt abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her prop'reſt ſituations
For ſettling, and erecting new plantations,
If ever the Society ſhou'd incline
T' attempt ſo great and glorious a deſign:

* After the Author had finiſhed this ſtory in ſhort verſe, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was compoſed after the other is manifeſt from its being wrote oppoſite to it upon a vacant part of the ſame paper; and though in moſt places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verſe with an additional foot, preſerving the ſame thought and rhyme, yet as it is a ſingular inſtance in its way, and has, beſides, many conſiderable additions and variations, which tend to illuſtrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curioſity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of thoſe who may think it inſerted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am ſure no apology is neceſſary.

" A taſk in vain, unleſs the German Kepler
" Had found out a diſcovery to people her,
" And ſtock her country with inhabitants
" Of military men and Elephants:
" For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
" Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponneſe,
" Till he appear'd; for which, ſome write, ſhe ſent
" Upon his tribe as ſtrange a puniſhment."
  This was the only purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time and place moſt fitting,
When, at the full, her equal ſhares of light
And influence were at their greateſt height.
And now the lofty teleſcope, the ſcale,
By which they venture heav'n itſelf t' aſſail,
Was rais'd, and planted full againſt the Moon,
And all the reſt ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould bear away the honour
To plant an enſign, firſt of all, upon her.
  When one, who for his ſolid deep belief
Was choſen virtuoſo then in chief,
Had been approv'd the moſt profound and wiſe
At ſolving all impoſſibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O ſtrange! then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his art and might,

Ѵ. 17.] This and the following verſes, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing compoſition; and are diſtinguiſhed, as well as the reſt of the ſame kind, by being printed in inverted commas.

And bent the mufcles of his penfive brow,
As if he meant to ftare and gaze her thro',
While all the reft began as much t' admire,
And like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they wou'd, but cou'd not underftand,
And grew impatient to difcover what
The matter was they fo much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the fun fhines hotteft about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they ufe to fortify
Againft the funbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Becaufe th' inhabitants are civiller
Than thofe rude country peafants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in ftate of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both fides kill'd and flain,
As by the telefcope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May fee his fhare before the battle's done.
At this a famous great philofopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near

As one of wondrous ſingular invention,
And equal univerſal comprehenſion,
" By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
" For all the world to learn, and uſe in bargain,
" An univerſal canting idiom,
" To underſtand the ſwinging pendulum,
" And to communicate, in all deſigns,
" With th' Eaſtern virtuoſi Mandarines,"
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a noſe,
To th' end and centre of the engine cloſe:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To ſee with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his ſight
T' obſerve the bloody formidable fight,
Conſider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle's deſperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly ſally,
To fall upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
  Theſe paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every ſummer-ſeaſon, their campains,
And muſter, like the military ſons
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,

As great and numerous as ſoland geeſe
I' th' ſummer-iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a dreadful ſtand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
And then diſband, and march in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt of all the year in lies,
And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herſelf, deriv'd;
And, when her orb was firſt of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, tranſlated:
For as thoſe people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponneſians the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world cou'd ever bring
T' endure the civil life but fiddling,
They ever ſince retain the antique courſe,
And native frenzy of their anceſtors,
And always uſe to ſing and fiddle to
Things of the moſt important weight they do.
  While thus the virtuoſo entertains
The whole aſſembly with the Privolvans,
"Another ſophiſt, but of leſs renown,
"Tho' longer obſervation of the Moon,"

V. 121, 122.] In the ſhorter verſe it ſtands thus:
Another of as great renown,
And ſolid judgment in the Moon.
And though the variation in words is but ſmall, it makes a conſiderable difference in the character.

That underſtood the diff'rence of her ſoils,
And which produc'd the faireſt genet-moyles,
" But for an unpaid weekly ſhilling's penſion
" Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' optic engine, gave a ſtart, and ſtar'd,
And thus began—A ſtranger ſight appears
Than ever yet was ſeen in all the ſpheres;
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
A mighty Elephant from one of thoſe
Two fighting armies is at length broke looſe,
And with the deſp'rate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright:
Look quickly, leſt the only ſight of us
Shou'd cauſe the ſtartled creature to imboſs.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.

℣. 125, 126.] Theſe two verſes are inſerted inſtead of the following in the other copy in ſhort meaſure:

And in the regiſter of Fame,
Had enter'd his long-living name.

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards croſſed them out.

And firſt found out the building Paul's
And paving London with ſea-coals.

I tranſcribe them to gratify the curioſity of ſuch as are deſirous to inveſtigate who the particular perſons are that are deſigned by theſe characters.

And ſince, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt of all, 'tis thought,
Againſt the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The ſame Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo learn'd and noble a diſcourſe on,
And giv'n us ample ſatisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.
 That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Altho' our fortune had diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made plain, and manifeſt,
Since from the greateſt orbs, down to the leaſt,
All other globes of ſtars and conſtellations
Have cattle in 'em of all ſorts and nations,
And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hoard,
With numerous and mighty droves is ſtor'd:
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of ſo large and vaſt a ſtature,
'Tis more than probable ſhe ſhou'd bring forth
A greater breed of beaſts, too, than the earth;
As by the beſt accounts we have, appears
Of all our credibleſt diſcoverers,
And that thoſe vaſt and monſtrous creatures there
Are not ſuch far-fet rarities as here.
 Mean while th' aſſembly now had had a ſight
Of all diſtinct particulars o' th' fight,

And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his ſhare,
Proud of his equal int'reſt in the glory
Of ſo ſtupendous and renown'd a ſtory,
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening of words and ſhadowing ſenſe,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microſcopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In foreign and domeſtic colleges,
Began at laſt (tranſported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.
Moſt virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great diſcov'ry fully makes amends
For all our former unſucceſsful pains,
And loſt expenſes of our time and brains;
For by this admirable phænomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a paſs t' engage and hold diſpute
With all the other planets that ſtand out,
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obſtinateſt ſtar,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Againſt the proudeſt of their magnitudes;
To ſtretch our future victories beyond
The uttermoſt of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our enſigns,
Upon the fix'd ſtars' ſpacious dimenſions,

To prove if they are other ſuns or not,
As ſome philoſophers have wiſely thought,
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Thro' which thoſe bright effluvias uſe to come
Which Archimede, ſo many years ago,
Durſt never venture but to wiſh to know.
Nor is this all that we have now atchiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to believ'd;
And have no more our beſt or worſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, ſuſpected for ill ſigns.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor ſhall our beſt and ableſt virtuoſis
Prove arguments again for coffeehouſes;
" Nor little ſtories gain belief among
" Our criticalleſt judges, right or wrong:"
Nor ſhall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us in 'em without law;
" Make chips of elms produce the largeſt trees,
" Or ſowing ſaw-duſt furniſh nurſeries:

℣. 203, 204.] Theſe two lines are here inſerted in a different and better place than they were in the ſhorter verſe, where they made a ſort of parentheſis, and the two following lines are alſo omitted:

> Like flames of fire, as others gueſs,
> That ſhine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

℣. 213.] In this latter part of the ſpeech, Butler makes a conſiderable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering, which it would be both tedious and unneceſſary minutely to point out, as the reader may ſo eaſily compare the two Poems.

"No more our heading darts (a fwinging one!)
"With butter only harden'd in the fun;
"Or men that ufe to whiftle loud enough
"To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
"Caufe all the reft, we own and have avow'd,
"To be believ'd as defperately loud."
Nor fhall our future fpeculations, whether
An elder-ftick will render all the leather
Of fchoolboys' breeches proof againft the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one difcovery will prove enough
To take all paft and future fcandals off:
But fince the world is fo incredulous
Of all our ufual fcrutinies and us,
And with a conftant prejudice prevents
Our beft as well as worft experiments,
As if they were all deftin'd to mifcarry,
As well in concert try'd as folitary;
And that th' affembly is uncertain when
Such great difcov'ries will occur agen,
'Tis reas'nable we fhou'd, at leaft, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which every man of us can fwear
Our eyes themfelves have plainly feen appear,
That when 'tis fit to publifh the Account,
We all may take our feveral oaths upon't.
This faid, the whole affembly gave confent
To drawing up th' authentic Inftrument,

And, for the nation's gen'ral ſatisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Tranſaction:
But while their ableſt men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' teleſcope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the weſt-by-north ſide of the Moon
To th' eaſt-by-ſouth was in a moment gone.
This b'ing related, gave a ſudden ſtop
To all their grandees had been drawing up,
And every perſon was amaz'd a-new,
How ſuch a ſtrange ſurpriſal ſhould be true,
Or any beaſt perform ſo great a race,
So ſwift and rapid, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Reſolv'd, as ſuddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they cou'd,
And rather choſe their own eyes to condemn,
Than queſtion what they had beheld with them.
While ev'ry one was thus reſolv'd, a man
Of great eſteem and credit thus began.
'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who, alas! can ſay
What cannot be, or juſtly can, and may?
Eſpecially at ſo hugely wide and vaſt
A diſtance as this miracle is plac'd,
Where the leaſt error of the glaſs, or ſight,
May render things amiſs, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they 're ſo far off,
By any equal ſublunary proof:

For who can juſtify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the ſame laws ſhe acts by here?
Nor is it probable ſhe has infus'd
Int' ev'ry ſpecies in the Moon produc'd,
The ſame efforts ſhe uſes to confer
Upon the very ſame productions here,
Since thoſe upon the earth, of ſeveral nations,
Are found t' have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo conſtantly to uſe
Variety in every thing ſhe does.
From hence may be inferr'd that, tho' I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ ſo
From thoſe with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and ſpeed,
As being of a different kind and breed,
That tho' 'tis true our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be very Elephants, no leſs
Than thoſe deriv'd from Indian families.
   This ſaid, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
" In which the mannerly and modeſt author
" Quotes the Right Worſhipful his elder brother,"
Look'd wiſe a while, then ſaid—All this is true,
And very learnedly obſerv'd by you;
But there's another nobler reaſon for't,
That, rightly' obſerv'd, will fall but little ſhort

Of ſolid mathematic demonſtration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
Do conſtantly move contrary upon
Their ſeveral axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally faſt,
That larger diſtances may well be paſt
In leſs time than the Elephant has gone,
Altho' he had no motion of his own,
Which we on earth can take no meaſure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypotheſis,
And prove the motion of the earth from this.
  This ſaid, th' aſſembly now was ſatisfy'd,
As men are ſoon upon the bias'd ſide;
With great applauſe receiv'd th' admir'd diſpute,
And grew more gay, and briſk, and reſolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occaſion never had fall'n out,
Reſolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually inſert this ſtrange retrieve.
  But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,

The footboys, for their own diverſion, too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,
And when they ſaw the teleſcope at leiſure,
Turn'd virtuoſis, only for their pleaſure,
"With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
"That take delight to practiſe all they ſee,"
Began to ſtare and gaze upon the Moon,
As thoſe they waited on before had done:
When one, whoſe turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw ſomething in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, diſcover'd more
Than all their maſters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O ſtrange! a little thing is ſlunk
On th' inſide of the long ſtar-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down ſo low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainſt mine eye.
 This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not, yet, ſo hugely overgrown
In any philoſophic obſervation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,
And yet he made immediately a gueſs
At fully ſalving all appearances
A plainer way, and more ſignificant
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,
And quickly found, upon a ſecond view,
His own conjecture, probably, moſt true;
For he no ſooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately

He found a ſmall field-mouſe was gotten in
The hollow teleſcope, and, ſhut between
The two glaſs-windows, cloſely in reſtraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occaſion
Of all this deep and learned diſſertation.
And as a mighty mountain heretofore,
Is ſaid t' have been begot with child, and bore
A ſilly mouſe, this captive mouſe, as ſtrange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
Mean while the grandees, long in conſultation,
Had finiſh'd the miraculous Narration,
And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and ſenſe, and wit,
T' atteſt and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,
When this unfortunate phænomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no ſooner told and hinted at,
But all the reſt were in a tumult ſtrait,
More hot and furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than both the hoſts that in the Moon made war,
To find ſo rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and ſworn t' have ſeen't,
And had engag'd themſelves to make it out,
Obſtructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whoſe only taſk was to determin
And ſolve the worſt appearances of vermin,
Who oft' had made profound diſcoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,

(Tho' not ſo curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquiſite rat-catcher knew)
After he had a while with ſigns made way
For ſomething pertinent he had to ſay,
At laſt prevail'd—Quoth he, This diſquiſition
Is, the one half of it, in my diſciſſion;
For tho' 'tis true the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, that's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
  It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the Town,
That rants and vapours ſtill, for all our great
Deſigns and projects, we 'ave done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret's more than half made out,
Becauſe, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a ſtop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing elſe but only truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
" For Truth is always too reſerv'd and chaſte,
" T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
" A ſolitary anchorite, that dwells
" Retir'd from all the world, in obſcure cells,"

Difdains all great affemblies, and defies
The prefs and crowd of mix'd focieties,
That ufe to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and ftrange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world, that's never found to fet efteem
On what things are, but what they' appear and feem;
And if they are not wonderful and new,
They 're ne'er the better for their being true.
" For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
" Of wantonnefs and luxury o' th' mind,
" A greedinefs and gluttony o' the brain,
" That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
" And grows more defp'rate, like the worft difeafes
" Upon the nobler part (the mind) it feizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unlefs his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great difcretion does
The world endeavour ftill to keep it clofe;
For if the fecrets of all truths were known,
Who wou'd not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole affembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,

" By giving footboys leave to interpofe,
" And difappoint whatever we propofe;"
For nothing but to cut out work for ftubs,
And all the bufy academic clubs,
" For which they have deferv'd to run the rifks
" Of elder-fticks, and penitential frifks."
How much, then, ought we have a fpecial care
That none prefume to know above his fhare,
Nor take upon him t' underftand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution's worth,
That all thofe that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter fhare, of knowledge,
And brought none in themfelves, but fpent repute,
Shou'd never be admitted to difpute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impofe upon their public int'reft prone;
And if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be fure to run the felf-fame courfe.
This faid, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And from th' apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,
Refolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard;
But what was for their interefts to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it fuch:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of ftrong conceit,

Than with vexatious ſtudy, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but ſuppoſe t' have found, it out.
This being reſolv'd, th' aſſembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
But ſtill the more and curiouſer they pry'd,
They but became the more unſatisfy'd,
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they 'ad different principles of ſeeing.
Some boldly ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themſelves they never would recant
One ſyllable they had ſeen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his ſhape and ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to diſallow or favour;
" Until they had as many croſs reſolves,
" As Iriſhmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"
And grew diſtracted, whether to eſpouſe
The party of the Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held there was no way ſo orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like ſome other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the teleſcope, and open it,
And, for their own and all men's ſatisfaction,
To ſearch and re-examine the Tranſaction,

And afterward to explicate the reſt,
As they ſhou'd ſee occaſion for the beſt.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly freely gave conſent;
But ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the firſt phænomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious ſwarms
Of buſy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter in the glaſs by chance,
For both the Pri- and the Subvolvans.
This b'ing diſcover'd, once more put them all
Into a worſe and deſperater brawl,
Surpris'd with ſhame, that men ſo grave and wiſe
Shou'd be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to miſtake the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For ſquadrons and reſerves of men in arms:
As politic as thoſe who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river ſhone,
Threw caſting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at laſt, they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where the ſly impoſtor was,
And ſaw 'twas but a Mouſe, that by miſhap
Had catch'd himſelf, and them, in th' optic trap,

℣. 521, 522.] Butler, to compliment his Mouſe for affording him an opportunity of indulging his ſatirical turn, and diſplaying his wit upon this occaſion, has, to the end of this Poem, ſubjoined the following epigrammatical note.

A Mouſe, whoſe martial valour has ſo long,
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer ſung,

Amaz'd, with ſhame confounded, and afflicted
To find themſelves ſo openly convicted,
Immediately made haſte to get them gone,
With none but this diſcovery alone,
That learned men, who greedily purſue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their niceſt ſpeculations, chuſe
To make their own diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And nat'ral hiſt'ry rather a Gazette
Of rarities ſtupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not ſtrongly vaſt and overgrown,
And ſtrive to explicate appearances,
Not as they 're probable, but as they pleaſe,
In vain endeavour Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are juſtly paid with ſcorn.

And purchas'd him more everlaſting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan ſtory,
Tho' he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
In bulk and ſtature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been obſerv'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And ſtorm'd the dreadful outwork of his ſnout,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has ſlain the huge gigantic beaſt in fight.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A FRAGMENT *.

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuoſis ſeek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' aſk queſtions, and admire, and lie to,
Who entertain'd them all of courſe
(As men take wives for better or worſe)
And paſt them all for men of parts,
Tho' ſome but ſceptics in their hearts;
For when they 're caſt into a lump,
Their talents equally muſt jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and baſe
Do both at equal values paſs.
With theſe the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of ſtate,
Which way the dreadful comet went,
In ſixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?

* Butler formed a deſign of writing another ſatire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongſt his papers fairly and correctly tranſcribed. Whether he ever finiſhed it, or the remainder of it be loſt, is uncertain: the Fragment, however, that is preſerved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in ſome ſort explanatory of the preceding Poem: and, I am perſuaded, that thoſe who have a taſte for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be loſt, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally publiſhed.

What wars and plagues in Chriſtendom
Have happen'd ſince, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princeſſes are poiſon'd ſince?
And who ſhall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradeſmen mourn?
What parties next of foot, or horſe,
Will rout, or routed be, of courſe?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furniſh the next month's Gazettes?
What peſtilent contagion next,
And what part of the world infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again ſhall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ſhip Argo?
Why currents turn in ſeas of ice
Some thrice a day, and ſome but twice?
And why the tides, at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the nat'ral cauſe why fiſh,
That always drink, do never piſs?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever ſleep?
If graſs be green, or ſnow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether poſſeſſions of the devil,
Or mere temptations do moſt evil?

What is't that makes all fountains ſtill
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outſide down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the ſtrange magnetic cauſe
The ſteel or loadſtone's drawn, or draws?
The ſtar the needle, which the ſtone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-ſtar's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For red-hot iron, held t'wards the pole,
Turns of itſelf to't when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female ſcrews
In th' iron and ſtone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the ſun,
That ſuch a rapid courſe does run,
To draw no tail behind thro' th' air,
As comets do, when they appear,
Which other planets cannot do,
Becauſe they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the Moon be ſea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmoſphere turn round,
And keep a juſt pace with the ground,
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with guſts of wind?

Or whether crefcents in the wane,
(For fo an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their fnuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the fea increafe, or wafte,
And, if it do, how long 'twill laft?
Or if the fun approaches near
The earth, how foon it will be there?
These were their learned fpeculations,
And all their conftant occupations,
To meafure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a fquare;
To make a powder of the fun,
By which all doctors fhou'd b' undone;
To find the north-weft paffage out,
Altho' the fartheft way about;
If chymifts from a rofe's afhes
Can raife the rofe itfelf in glaffes?
Whether the line of incidence
Rife from the object, or the fenfe?
To ftew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by fubtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an afs
Find out the treble and the bafe;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapafon low.

REPARTEES

BETWEEN

CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern Heroic way.

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth ſtood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a reſtorative,
When Puſs, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt ſoundly of as ſoft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And ſporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of buſhes in the dark,
As ladies uſe at midnight in the Park;
Or ſeeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For aſſignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his paſſion was both falſe and true,
And the more falſe, the more in earneſt grew.
He fancy'd that he heard thoſe am'rous charms
That us'd to ſummon him to ſoft alarms,

Repartees.] This poem is a ſatirical banter upon thoſe heroic plays which were ſo much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their ſubject, are carried on exactly in this ſtrain, as any one may perceive that will conſult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

To which he always brought an equal flame;
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His am'rous passion grew to that extream,
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, What place is this! or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd:
Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,
And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many assignation he 'ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress?
P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

C. He that does love would ſet his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's ſhould be ſpilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your ſkin;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cauſe.
C. How could my guiltleſs eyes your heart invade,
Had it not firſt been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greateſt crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being ſeen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That's worſe than making cruelty a ſport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleaſure and delight,
That ſets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleaſure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleaſure when 'tis paſt.
C. But grows intollerable if it laſt.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but ſuffers as reward.
What knight durſt ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half-murther'd by his flame?
Or lady, that had never lain at ſtake,
To death, or force of rivals for his ſake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Diſdain's the only med'cine for diſdain.
P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in diſpleaſing you.

C. Prepoſt'rous way of pleaſure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to deſtroy;
Love's buſineſs is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and deſtroying are all one,
As flames deſtroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirſt more violent it pretends to ſlake,
So ſhould fruition do the lovers' fire,
Inſtead of leſſening, inflame deſire.
P. What greater proof that paſſion does tranſport,
When what I would die for I'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing deſpis'd,
And far below a ſullen humour priz'd,
That is more ſcorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are croſs'd in love, or fall at odds:
But ſince you underſtand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Paſſion begins indifferent to prove,
When love conſiders any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the ſkin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Tho' thro' the tend'reſt part of all, the eye;
But your ſharp claws have left enough to ſhew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.

P. Pleaſure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wiſh for was but to b' allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like beſt, you always diſapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuſe the wrong he does to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you miſtake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourſelf the pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of paſſion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For while you ſtifle and inflame deſire,
You burn, and ſtarve me in the ſelf-ſame fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourſelf, and then accuſe me for't;
As thieves, that rob themſelves 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Make others pay for what themſelves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES*.

SIR,

You have oblig'd the Britiſh nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than braſs or marble to their fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their anceſtors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Deſcrib'd their cuſtoms and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As thoſe themſelves that made them could foretell:
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,

* Moſt of the celebrated wits in Charles II.'s reign addreſſed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The Britiſh Princes*, and, among the reſt, Butler.

You have fulfill'd that prophefy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raife the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom diftant ages did fo far remove:
For as eternity has neither paft
Nor future, (authors fay) nor firft nor laft,
But is all inftant, your eternal Mufe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why fhould you, whofe miracle of art
Can life at pleafure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-bufied head
T' obferve what time they liv'd in or were dead?
For fince you have fuch arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or ftoop to things fo pitifully lewd,
As ufe to take the vulgar latitude.
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not fome proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muft bring fenfe that underftands it here.

A PALINODE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muſe
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, ſues;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to aſk forgiveneſs, and ſubmit;
Is ſorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But ſuch is her belief in your juſt candor,
She hopes you will not ſo miſunderſtand her,
To wreſt her harmleſs meaning to the ſenſe
Of ſilly emulation or offence.
No; your ſufficient wit does ſtill declare
Itſelf too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and ſenſeleſs a preſumption own,
To yoke your vaſt parts in compariſon:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' inſtruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praiſes, and then blame
All that's too great or little for your fame:
For who could chuſe but err, without ſome trick
To take your elevation to a nick?

As he that was defir'd, upon occafion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Defir'd his Lordfhip's favour, that he might
Take meafure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you fent a fcantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not juft t' impofe, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vaft defert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praife, like a robe of ftate, fhould not fit clofe
To th' perfon 'tis made for, but wide and loofe;
Derives its comelinefs from b'ing unfit,
And fuch have been our praifes of your wit,
Which is fo extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Witnefs thofe glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And thofe ftupendôus difcoveries
You 'ave lately made of wonders in the fkies:
For who, but from yourfelf, did ever hear
The fphere of atoms was the atmofphere?
Who ever fhut thofe ftragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum?*
What fhould confine thofe undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A fign and an afcendant were all one?

Or how 'tis poſſible the moon ſhould ſhrowd
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud,
Since clouds below are ſo far diſtant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language ſo enrich,
To ſcorn all little particles of ſpeech?
For tho' they make the ſenſe clear, yet they 're found
To be a ſcurvy hind'rance to the ſound;
Therefore you wiſely ſcorn your ſtyle to humble,
Or for the ſenſe's ſake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain
To uſe ſo many particles in vain,
That to no purpoſe ſerve, but (as he haps
To want a ſyllable) to fill up gaps.
You juſtly coin new verbs, to pay for thoſe
Which in conſtruction you o'erſee and loſe;
And by this art do Priſcian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
Theſe are your own diſcoveries, which none
But ſuch a Muſe as your's could hit upon,
That can, in ſpight of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the ſchools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honeſt men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry ſhould ſtrive
To cry 'em down by his prerogative,
And not ſubmit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.

Your poems will endure to be *well* try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But thofe you write are always fold by weight;
Each word and fyllable brought to the fcale,
And valu'd to a fcruple in the fale.
For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purpofes and ufes fit,
Has an abfterfive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obfcene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verfe, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our fpice and aromatics fweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For burning but one leaf of your's, they fay,
Drives all their ftinks and naftinefs away.
Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geefe from fcorching on the fpit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worfe,
When ars'nick's only wrap'd up in the verfe.
Thefe are the great performances that raife
Your mighty parts above all reach of praife,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourfelf, can fet it forth,
Whofe wondrous pow'r 's fo generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS *.

SIR, you'ave outliv'd ſo deſperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had your's been leſs, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, tho' on a leſs ſick brain;
But you were ſo far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
As when th' Arabian bird does ſacrifice,
And burn himſelf in his own country's ſpice,
A maggot firſt breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd, and vig'rous youth acquire;
And with ſo much advantage, ſome have gueſt,
Your after-wit is like to be your beſt,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy;

* It muſt ſurpriſe the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in ſo ſevere and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet ſo much eſteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, ſome room for ſatire; but ſtill there is ſuch a ſpirit of bitterneſs runs through the whole, beſides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but ſome perſonal quarrel or diſguſt. How far this weakneſs may carry the greateſt geniuſes, we have a proof in what Pope has wrote of Addiſon.

Such as your Tully lately dreſs'd in verſe,
Like thoſe he made himſelf, or not much worſe;
And Seneca's dry ſand unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals leſs improv'd, all pride,
And native inſolence, quite laid aſide;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durſt with ſafety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accoſted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for ſcribbling amiſs,
With verſes forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a ſconce;
Nor furiouſly laid orange-wench aboard,
For aſking what in fruit and love you 'ad ſcor'd;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever us'd before or ſince.
Beſide, you never over-reach'd the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in falſe accompt, with little tricks
Of paſſing broken rubbiſh for whole bricks;
Falſe muſtering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For thoſe that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no ſmall ſum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worſe,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purſe,

As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
For had the ſtones (like his) charm'd by your verſe,
Built up themſelves, they could not have done worſe:
And ſure, when firſt you ventur'd to ſurvey,
You did deſign to do 't no other way.
  All this was done before thoſe days began
In which you were a wiſe and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in ſuch a paradiſe,
Until freſh ſtraw and darkneſs op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treaſure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raiſe ſums as vaſt
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waſte,
Or all thoſe practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curſe thoſe quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For tho' no art can ever make them ſound,
The tamp'ring coſt you threeſcore thouſand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and loſt,
Yet been no more undone by being chouſt,
Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
All that, in ſerving him, you loſt at play?
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To ſuffer ſequeſtration, and compound.
Yet you 'ave an impoſition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beaſt or Gleek;

And when you 'ave rais'd a ſum, ſtrait let it fly,
By underſtanding low, and vent'ring high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS *.

Who ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Aſſume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle
The Muſes worſe than Oſtrogoth and Vandal;
Make 'em ſubmit to verdict and report,
And ſtand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much leſs be ſentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witleſs plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Againſt the right and property of fancies,

* This warm invective was very probably occaſioned by Mr. Rymer, Hiſtoriographer to Charles II. who cenſured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's.—The cold, ſevere critic, may perhaps find ſome few inaccuracies to cenſure in this compoſition; but the reader of taſte will either overlook or pardon them for the ſake of the ſpirit that runs through it.

More falfe and nice than weighing of the weather
To th' hundredth atom of the lighteft feather,
Or meafuring of air upon Parnaffus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glaffes;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of rev'rend chorufes and epifodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor fhall prefume to fqueak,
Unlefs he have a licence for 't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward fell his cat in
Plain vulgar Englifh, without mewing Latin:
No pudding fhall be fuffer'd to be witty,
Unlefs it be in order to raife pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and fpit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unlefs fome god or dæmon chance t' have piques
Againft an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How fuch a fatal progeny they 're born in;
For none but fuch for Tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only thofe held proper to deter,
Who 'ave had th' ill luck againft their wills to err.
Whence only fuch as are of middling fizes,
Between morality and venial vices,

Are qualify'd to be deſtroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
  As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And ſerv'd, like cobwebs, but t'enſnare the weak,
And give diverſion to the great to break;
To make a leſs delinquent to be brought
To anſwer for a greater perſon's fault,
And ſuffer all the worſt the worſt approver
Can, to excuſe and ſave himſelf, diſcover.
  No longer ſhall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To puniſh in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the falſe;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomſoe'er they pleaſe, at will,
To terrify ſpectators from committing
The crimes they did, and ſuffer'd for unwitting.
  Theſe are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpoſe to deſtroy all wit and ſenſe,
As th' other did all law and conſcience;
No better than the laws of Britiſh plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,
Who made a gen'ral council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And ſet down in the rubric at what time
It ſhould be counted legal, when a crime,

Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a ſin,
And on what days it went out or came in.
 An Engliſh poet ſhould be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philoſophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;
Beſides the moſt intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falſer than Euripides;
When not an Engliſh native dares appear
To be a witneſs for the priſoner;
When all the laws they uſe t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic ſcruples,
And by th' advice of virtuoſi Tuſcans,
Determin'd all the doubts of ſocks and buſkins;
Gave judgment on all paſt and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's caſe,
Which Lope Vega firſt began to ſteal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And ſince our Engliſh plagiaries nim,
And ſteal their far-fet criticiſms from him,
And by an action falſely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover;
Enough to furniſh all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,

Who for a few mifprifions of wit,
Are charg'd by thofe who ten times worfe commit;
And for misjudging fome unhappy fcenes,
Are cenfur'd for't with more unlucky fenfe;
When all their worft mifcarriages delight,
And pleafe more than the beft that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

Acted before the

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY *.

SIR, while fo many nations ftrive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earneft of fo great a fum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have difcharg'd at fuch a rate,
That all fucceeding times muft celebrate,
We, that fubfift by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to prefent you, our own way,
With all we have, (befide our hearts) a play.

* It is pretty remarkable that, amongft fuch a variety of performances of our Poet's, this, and the Epilogue that follows, fhould be the only ones in the complimenting ftrain; and I dare fay every reader will obferve, with a fmile, how foon, even in this, he deferts the region of panegyric, to refume his natural turn of fatirical drollery upon the critics.

But as devouteſt men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did reſcue for us from ingroſſing hands,
That would have taken out adminiſtration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, ſeiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and ſtrays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all paſt wit,
But that your juſtice put a ſtop to it.
'Twas well for us, who elſe muſt have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For ſtill the wickeder ſome authors write,
Others to write worſe are encourag'd by't;
And tho' thoſe fierce inquiſitors of wit,
The critics, ſpare no fleſh that ever writ,
But juſt as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by't.
Small poetry, like other hereſies,
By being perſecuted multiplies;
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long ſince,
And not within their power; for bears are ſaid
To ſpare thoſe that lie ſtill and ſeem but dead.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME. TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No lefs than to your royal Lord, to you;
And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart,
That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements outdar'd,
And made a ftubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no lefs victorious than his arms,
For which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heav'n grant you may.
But as great princes ufe, in folemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have finn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly afk your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON PHILIP NYE'S

THANKSGIVING BEARD *.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

* As our Poet has thought fit to beftow fo many verfes upon this trumpeter of fedition, it may, perhaps, be no

The fringe and taſſel of a countenance,
That hides his perſon from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a nat'ral maſk upon his face,
That ſhifts its likeneſs every day he wears,
To fit ſome other perſons' characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in ſome diſguiſe.
  This ſatisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd
His diſagreeing conſcience by his Beard.
He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horſe, and zealots,

thankleſs office to give the reader ſome further information about him than what merely relates to his *beard.*—He was educated at Oxford, firſt in Braſen-noſe College, and afterwards in Magd. Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the firſt tincture of ſedition and diſguſt to our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but ſoon left England to go and reſide in Holland, where he was not very likely to leſſen thoſe prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Preſbyterian, and a zealous ſtickler for the Parliament, and was thought conſiderable enough, in his way, to be ſent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and ſpirit up the cauſe of the Covenant, in defence of which he writ ſeveral pamphlets. However, as his zeal aroſe from ſelf-intereſt and ambition, when the Independents began to have the aſcendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a ſtrenuous preacher on that ſide; and in this ſituation he was when he fell under the laſh of Butler's ſatire.

From whom he held the moſt pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and ſal'ries;
Was held the chiefeſt of thoſe ſp'ritual trumpets,
That ſounded charges to their fierceſt combats,
But in the deſperateſt of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To ſit among 'em, as he had been choſen,
And paſs or null things at his own diſpoſing;
Could clap up ſouls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees diſcharge and let them out,
Which made ſome grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon Thankſgiving-days,
Whither the Members, two and two abreaſt,
March'd to take in the ſpoils of all—the feaſt,
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Iriſh and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cauſe,
With which the Siſters were ſo prepoſſeſt,
They could remember nothing of the reſt.
He thought upon it, and reſolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further ſervice of the women,
T' abate the rigidneſs of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ableſt virtuoſo of the kind,

With whom he long and ferioufly conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whofe advice he fate for a defign
In little drawn, exactly to a line,
That if the creature chance to have occafion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meaneft artift copy'd out.
This done, he fent a journeyman fectary
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greateft practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And fet their moft confus'd diforders right,
Not by a new defign, but newer light,
Who us'd to fhave the grandees of their fticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
To whom he fhew'd his new-invented draught,
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, 'Tis but a falfe and counterfeit,
And fcandalous device of human wit,
That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
Quoth th' other faint, You muft leave that to us
T' agree what's lawful, or what fcandalous,
For 'till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, fcandalous, or not;
Which, fince we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conſcience never ſhall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For tho' I uſe it in a lawful time,
What if it after ſhould be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conſcience,
'Gainſt human conſtitutions, in our own ſenſe,
Which I'm reſolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful whatſoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greateſt ſkill,
And let th' event befal us how it will.
This ſaid, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
Talk'd on as pertinently as he ſnipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And reaſſume its antique character,
Grew more and more itſelf, that art might ſtrive,
And ſtand in competition with the life;
For ſome have doubted if 'twere made of ſnips
Of ſables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And ſet in ſuch an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More ſubtly fill'd and poliſh'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himſelf a cuckold in;
That Lacheſis, that ſpins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But b'ing deſign'd and drawn ſo regular,
T' a ſcrupulous punctilio of a hair,

Who could imagine that it ſhould be portal
To ſelfiſh, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The leaſt compliance in the Church or State,
And from itſelf did equally diſſent,
As from religion and the government *.

* I find among Butler's manuſcripts ſeveral other little ſketches upon the ſame ſubject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought paſſable, by way of note.

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and taſſel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But ſet in ſuch a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut ſo ev'n, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickſet
Was e'er ſo neatly cut, or thick ſet,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that's made of wire;
But being wrought ſo regular
In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,
Who would believe it ſhou'd be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did diſſent
No leſs from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and deteſt
That which it held forth and profeſt;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profeſs'd one thing, and did another,
As all things, where they 're moſt profeſt,
Are found to be regarded leaſt.

SATIRE

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,
Shou'd be a nurfery for Heav'n,
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more defperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only flight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adult'rate coin?
We only in their mercy truft,
To be more wicked and unjuft;
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs
Are our own intereft, not theirs;

* In this compofition the reader will have the pleafure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almoft, that he has wrote, is indeed fatirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be faid rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is ferious and fevere, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the fpirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Perfius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the fame good-nature will excufe the Poet, when it is confidered what an edge muft be given to his fatirical wit by the age in which he lived, diftinguifhed by the two extremes of hypocrify and enthufiafm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
But begging prefents to get more;
The pureft bus'nefs of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worft deeds, that are lefs warm;
For the moft wretched and perverfe
Does not believe himfelf he errs.
  Our holieft actions have been
Th' effects of wickednefs and fin;
Religious houfes made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers finn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no fign
Nor character of the divine
And heav'nly part of human nature,
But only the coarfe earthy matter.
Our univerfal inclination
Tends to the worft of our creation,
As if the ftars confpir'd t' imprint,
In our whole fpecies, by inftinct,
A fatal brand and fignature
Of nothing elfe but the impure.
The beft of all our actions tend
To the prepofteroufeft end,
And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd
To take moft to th' ignobler kind;

Or monſters, that have always leaſt
Of th' human parent, not the beaſt.
Hence 'tis we 'ave no regard at all
Of our beſt half original;
But, when they differ, ſtill aſſert
The int'reſt of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to ſpare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound ſubſtances,
The greater ſtill devours the leſs;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy groſs relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worſe,
To their brave nobler anceſtors.
Yet as no barb'rouſneſs beſide
Is half ſo barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder inſolence
Than that which has the leaſt pretence,
We are ſo wretched to profeſs
A glory in our wretchedneſs;
To vapour ſillily, and rant
Of our own miſery and want,

And grow vain-glorious on a ſcore
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the firſt moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'ſt grace is not to know
When we ſhall pay 'em back, nor how,
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleaſures but fantaſtical;
Diſeaſes of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our nobleſt piles, and ſtatelieſt rooms,
Are but outhouſes to our tombs;
Cities, tho' e'er ſo great and brave,
But mere warehouſes to the grave.
Our brav'ry's but a vain diſguiſe,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedneſs is deckt;
Yet makes us ſwell with pride, and boaſt,
As if we 'ad gain'd by being loſt.
  All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confed'rate devils
Inflict, to aggravate the curſe
On their own hated kind much worſe,
As if by Nature they 'ad been ſerv'd
More gently than their fate deſerv'd,

Take pains (in juſtice) to invent,
And ſtudy their own puniſhment;
That, as their crimes ſhou'd greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at firſt began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention riſe,
To ſcourge his own iniquities;
That if the heav'ns ſhou'd chance to ſpare
Supplies of conſtant poiſon'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering deſtruction ſtay,
Nor ſeek recruits of death ſo far,
But plague themſelves with blood and war.
  And if theſe fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man beſtow'd,
But he can eaſily divert
To his own miſery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bleſs
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
With lux'ry and exceſs, as faſt
As war and deſolation waſte;
Promote mortality, and kill
As faſt as arms, by ſitting ſtill;
Like earthquakes, ſlay without a blow,
And only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,

And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as faſt as thoſe in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and uſurers,
Pimps, ſcriv'ners, ſilenc'd miniſters,
That get eſtates by being undone
For tender conſcience, and have none.
Like thoſe that with their credit drive
A trade, without a ſtock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and ſtate
For being of the meaneſt rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deſerts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jeſts of greater dangers far,
Than thoſe they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 'ave laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in ſport,
Rebellion and deſtruction court,
And make Fanatics, in deſpight
Of all their madneſs, reaſon right,
And vouch to all they have foreſhown,
As other monſters oft have done,
Altho' from truth and ſenſe as far,
As all their other maggots are;

For things ſaid falſe, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
  That wealth that bounteous Fortune ſends
As preſents to her deareſt friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchaſe
Of two yards long in pariſh churches,
And thoſe too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vaſt wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, diſeaſe, and debt;
Pain, pleaſure, diſcontent, and ſport,
An eaſy-troubled life, and ſhort?
  But all theſe plagues are nothing near
Thoſe, far more cruel and ſevere,

℣. 168.] Though this ſatire ſeems fairly tranſcribed for the preſs, yet, on a vacancy in the ſheet oppoſite to this line, I find the following verſes, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inſerted, I chuſe rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd ſo deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic pow'r to ſway
The greedy ſouls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill thoſe trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For ſharing that which they took out:
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's deſtruction or his uſe;
A ſtandard both to buy and ſell
All things from heaven down to hell.

Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himſelf upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels ſpins
A rack and torture for his ſins;
Torments himſelf, in vain, to know
That moſt which he can never do;
And the more ſtrictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unſatisfy'd;
Is buſy in finding ſcruples out,
To languiſh in eternal doubt;
Sees ſpectres in the dark, and ghoſts,
And ſtarts, as horſes do at poſts,
And, when his eyes aſſiſt him leaſt,
Diſcerns ſuch ſubtle objects beſt.
On hypothetic dreams and viſions
Grounds everlaſting diſquiſitions,
And raiſes endleſs controverſies
On vulgar theorems and hearſays;
Grows poſitive and confident,
In things ſo far beyond th' extent
Of human ſenſe, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Diſdains all uſeful ſenſe, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;

To poſe himſelf with ſubtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wiſe;
Altho' the ſubtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near;
And the leſs weight they can ſuſtain,
The more he ſtill lays on in vain,
And hangs his ſoul upon as nice
And ſubtle curioſities,
As one of that vaſt multitude
That on a needle's point have ſtood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and falſe,
Upon as nice and ſubtle ſcales,
As thoſe that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
And ſtill the ſubtler they move,
The ſooner falſe and uſeleſs prove.
So man, that thinks to force and ſtrain,
Beyond its natural ſphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, ſets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is loſt in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For as abortions coſt more pain
Than vig'rous births, ſo all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purpoſes unfit,

Require more drudgery, and worſe,
Than thoſe of ſtrong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a ſtrange age we 'ave liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the ſun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Juſtice urg'd,
Like a fantaſtic letcher, to be ſcourg'd;
Nor has it ſcap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagu'd, to be the leſs concern'd.
Twice have we ſeen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the ſtubborn'ſt-hearted age;
The one to mow vaſt crowds of people down,
The other (as then needleſs) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles reſtore
What both had ruin'd and deſtroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been
But paſtimes for diverſion to be ſeen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curſe,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worſe.

As the preceding ſatire was upon mankind in general, with ſome alluſion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humourouſly contraſted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a freſh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falſely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that ſilly block-
head)
The wrong ſide outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocriſy as faſt and looſe
As e'er the dev'l could teach, or ſinners uſe,
And on the other ſide at once put in
As impotent iniquity and ſin.
As ſculls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong ſide to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other ſtill that's oppoſit;
So men, who one extravagance would ſhun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that as the firſt
Provokes the other freak to prove the worſt,
So, in return, that ſtrives to render leſs
The laſt deluſion, with its own exceſs,
And, like two unſkill'd gameſters, uſe one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For thoſe who heretofore ſought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their ſouls,
Wore vizards of hypocriſy, to ſteal
And ſlink away in maſquerade to hell
Now bring their crimes into the open ſun,
For all mankind to gaze their worſt upon,
As eagles try their young againſt his rays,
To prove if they 're of gen'rous breed or baſe;

Call heav'n and earth to witneſs how they 've aim'd,
With all their utmoſt vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, ſtriv'd to damn others too;
On all occaſions ſought to be as civil
As poſſible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unneceſſary trouble,
Nor in ſmall matters uſe a friend ſo noble,
But with their conſtant practice done their beſt
T' improve and propagate his intereſt:
For men have now made vice ſo great an art,
The matter of fact 's become the ſlighteſt part;
And the debauched'ſt actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumſtance and ſhow.
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the ſin,
But what they lewdly affect and glory in,
As if prepoſt'rouſly they would profeſs
A forc'd hypocriſy of wickedneſs,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Muſt make affected ſhame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themſelves may find excuſe,
But never for their complement and ſhews;
That if there ever were a myſtery
Of moral ſecular iniquity,
And that the churches may not loſe their due
By being incroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as ſcrupulous and nice,
And tender-conſcienc'd of low paltry vice,

Difdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mifchief but the brave,
As the moft fcrup'lous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'ft crimes;
Have as precife and ftrict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no fhows,
And fteer the world by difagreeing force
Of diff'rent cuftoms 'gainft her nat'ral courfe:
So pow'rful 's ill example to incroach,
And Nature, fpite of all her laws, debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be fav'd and ftudies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wifdom foolifhnefs, and folly wife,
Impofes on divinity, and fets
Her feal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
And paffes one for th' other in difguife;
Makes all things, as it pleafes, underftood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That flyly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpofe only to be difobey'd;
Or man had loft his mighty intereft,
By having been diftinguifh'd from a beaft;

And had no other way but ſin and vice,
To be reſtor'd again to Paradiſe.
How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaſpheming wit, and a jargon?
And yet how expreſſive and ſignificant,
In *damme* at once to curſe, and ſwear, and rant?
As if no way expreſs'd men's ſouls ſo well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any aſſev'ration were ſo civil,
As mortgaging ſalvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blaſphemy a purity to our phraſe.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay ſouls for vitiating ſpeech;
When the great'ſt tyrant in the world made thoſe
But lick their words out that abus'd his proſe?
What trivial puniſhments did then protect
To public cenſure a profound reſpect,
When the moſt ſhameful penance, and ſevere,
That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauch'ry, was no worſe
Than but to be degraded from his horſe,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Inſtead of cutting ſpurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then ſo great as ſhame,
And that to flay was leſs than to defame;
For juſt ſo much regard as men expreſs
To th' cenſure of the public, more or leſs,

The ſame will be return'd to them again,
In ſhame or reputation, to a grain;
And how perverſe ſoe'er the world appears,
'Tis juſt to all the bad it ſees and hears;
And for that virtue ſtrives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.
How ſilly were their ſages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a ſyren whore?
Make 'em believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could ſink their men of war as eaſy' as ſtorms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them ſing,
Into land porpuſſes, and cod, and ling;
To terrify thoſe mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones;
Until the ſubtleſt of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his ſoul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd ſailors (while he paſs'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the maſt,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong
The ſea-pugs' chaſte ears with a bawdy ſong:
To b' out of countenance, and, like an aſs,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glaſs;
Unmannerly refuſe her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a ſwine,
When one of our heroic advent'rers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a ſow.
So ſimple were thoſe times, when a grave ſage
Could with an old-wife's tale inſtruct the age,

Teach virtue more fantaſtic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,
Made a dull ſentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
A forc'd obſcure mythology convince,
Beyond our worſt inflictions upon ſins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verſe,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honeſter than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, conſtables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old ſaying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had theſe been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the beſt reaſon's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and ſober things we ſay,
By raillery are put beſide their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they 're ignorant of diſdain to know;
Engroſs truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they underſtand;
The ſelf-ſame courſes equally advance
In ſp'ritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the ſame degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable againſt all ſenſe;
For as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality agen.
Tho' Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both deſcended from one parent, Sin,

And therefore ſeldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-weſt paſſages to ſteer
A ſhort way to it, without pains or care:
For as implicit faith is far more ſtiff
Than that which underſtands its own belief,
So thoſe that think, and do but think they know,
Are far more obſtinate than thoſe that do,
And more averſe than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldneſs upon credit beforehand,
And grow too poſitive to underſtand;
Believe themſelves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of ſtore to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, cuſtom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exerciſes for't.

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

What fool would trouble Fortune more,
When ſhe has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What ſhe had thrown away in vain,
By idly vent'ring her good graces
To be diſpos'd of by ames-aces;

Or ſettling it in truſt to uſes
Out of his pow'r, on trays and deuſes;
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And loſe it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd, and ſet
By his own ſtars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own eſtate;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what leſs influence can produce
So great a monſter as a chouſe,
Or any two-legg'd thing poſſeſs
With ſuch a brutiſh ſottiſhneſs?
Unleſs thoſe tutelary ſtars,
Intruſted by aſtrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To uſe him in the ſelf-ſame kind;
As thoſe that help'd them to the truſt,
Are wont to deal with others juſt.
For to become ſo ſadly dull
And ſtupid, as to fine for gull,
(Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
That whoſoe'er can draw it in
Is ſure inevitably t' win,

And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully defperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppifhly at play,
Is their condition, Fate betrays
To Folly firft, and then deftroys.
For what but miracles can ferve
So great a madnefs to preferve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with fand-bags did of old;
Puts lands, and tenements, and ftocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in fo vile a bottom;
Engages blind and fenfelefs hap
'Gainft high, and low, and flur, and knap,
(As Tartars with a man of ftraw
Encounter lions hand to paw)
With thofe that never venture more
Than they had fafely' infur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and fhake,
Do, like the Indian rattle-fnake,
But ftrive to ruin and deftroy
Thofe that miftake it for fair play;
That have their fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;

That underſtand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themſelves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddſes of all games,
And when to anſwer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of deſign) upon the ſquare,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While thoſe with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he ſays,
Altho' he jernie and blaſpheme,
When they miſcarry, heav'n and them,
And damn his ſoul, and ſwear, and curſe,
And crucify his Saviour worſe
Than thoſe Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly underſtood and fear'd,
And wou'd take heed another time,
How to commit ſo bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or ſaid, or meant,
And have as little ſenſe, almoſt,
As he that damns them when he 'as loſt;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;

And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himſelf amiſs,
And gave them ill inſtructions how
To run, as he wou'd have them do,
And then condemns them ſillily
For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE,

TO A BAD POET.

Great famous wit, whoſe rich and eaſy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treaſure at command,
And how good verſe is coin'd do'ſt underſtand,
In all Wit's combats maſter of defence,
Tell me, how doſt thou paſs on rhyme and ſenſe?
'Tis ſaid they' apply to thee, and in thy verſe
Do freely range themſelves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themſelves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a loud caprich (for ſome great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With ſlaviſh obſtinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I ſet my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would ſay white, the verſe ſays black.
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names ſome ſlave that pimps to his own wife,

Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme——
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spight of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,
I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
But having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.
Spight of myself I strait take fire agen,
Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect their aid again.
But if my Muse or I were so discreet
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;——
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And mixing suns, and flow'rs, and pearl, and stones,
Make 'em serve all complexions at once.

ѵ. 22. *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme*—] This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

With thefe fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verfes without art or wit,
And, fhifting forty times the verb and noun,
With ftol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my fcrup'lous wit
Is fearful to pafs one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one infipid phrafe;
And, therefore, when I fcribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who firft found out that curfe,
T' imprifon and confine his thoughts in verfe;
To hang fo dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reafon to his rhyme fubmit.
Without this plague I freely might have fpent
My happy days with leifure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat prieft, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had paft my time as pleafantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My foul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition ftoop,
T' avoid uneafy greatnefs and refort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curfe,
The Fates had never fentenc'd me to verfe?
But ever fince this peremptory vein,
With reftlefs frenzy, firft poffefs'd my brain,

And that the devil tempted me, in ſpite
Of my own happineſs, to judge and write,
Shut up againſt my will, I waſte my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow ſo weary of the ſlaviſh trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whoſe eaſy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For tho' thy works are written in deſpite
Of all good ſenſe, impertinent, and ſlight,
They never have been known to ſtand in need
Of ſtationer to ſell, or ſot to read;
For ſo the rhyme be at the verſe's end,
No matter whither all the reſt does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, ſpite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that ſcribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to conſider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonſenſe he brings forth,
Is raviſh'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly ſtrive
To ſuch a height of glory to arrive;
But ſtill with all they do unſatisfy'd:
Ne'er pleaſe themſelves, tho' all the world beſide:
And thoſe whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wiſh for their own ſakes they had never writ.
Thou, then, that ſeeſt how ill I ſpend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;

And if th' inftructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

Who wou'd not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerableft zone,
Or fteer his paffage thro' thofe feas
That burn in flames, or thofe that freeze,
Than fee one nation go to fchool,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To ftudy all its tricks and fafhions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or drefs,
But what they in their wifdom pleafe;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and ftockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devife,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and drefs th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fafhion;
And change it, to fulfil the curfe
Of Adam's fall, for new, tho' worfe;

ỳ. 1.] The object of this fatire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II.'s reign, partly owing to the connexion and intercourfe which the politics of thofe times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager defire of avoiding the formal and precife gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

To make their breeches fall and riſe
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hoſe
Move always as the faſhion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And ſometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, ſometimes, like umbrellas,
And ſometimes narrow' as Punchinellos:
In coldeſt weather go unbrac'd,
And cloſe in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with ſleeves and bodies wide,
And ſometimes ſtraiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with falſe grey hairs
Diſguiſe the true ones, and their years;
That, when they 're modiſh, with the young
The old may ſeem ſo in the throng;
And as ſome pupils have been known,
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With ſly intrigues and artifices
Uſurp their poxes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their ſhoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By ſudden ſtarts, and ſhrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To ſcabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;

And, leſt they ſhou'd ſeem deſtitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode
Will ſwear to cryſtallin and node;
And, that they may not loſe their right,
Make it appear how they came by't:
Diſdain the country where th' were born,
As baſtards their own mothers ſcorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deſerves for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, tho' e'er ſo good:
Be natives whereſoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which th' appear ſo far eſtrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the ſeas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandiſh fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore juſtly ſlight that nation
Where they 'ave ſo mongrel a relation;
And ſeek out other climates, where
They may degen'rate leſs than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forſake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And ſeek out others to be catch'd:

So they more nat'rally may pleaſe
And humour their own geniuſes,
Apply to all things which they ſee
With their own fancies beſt agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in uſe;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And as the nations are that uſe it,
All ought to practiſe or refuſe it;
T' obſerve their poſtures, move, and ſtand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dulleſt of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To ſhrug diſcreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly ſhake the head,
Until the ignorant (that gueſs
At all things by th' appearances)
To ſee how Art and Nature ſtrive,
Believe them really alive,
And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and ſprings;
When truly all their fates have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worſt drolls of Punchinellos
Were much th' ingenioufer fellows;

For when they 're perfect in their leſſon,
Th' hypotheſis grows out of ſeaſon,
And, all their labour loſt, they 're fain
To learn new, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what; for in the noiſe
No man minds what another ſays:
T' aſſume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for ſolid and profound,
And ſtill the leſs and leſs they know,
The greater doſe of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wiſe
Is not to know, but to deſpiſe;
And deep judicious confidence
Has ſtill the odds of wit and ſenſe,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
T' adorn their Engliſh with French ſcraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and moſt approv'd of tones,
And, while they idly think t' enrich,
Adulterate their native ſpeech:
For tho' to ſmatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetorique
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To ſmatter French is meritorious;

And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purpoſely to ſpeak it wrong,
A hopeful ſign of parts and wit,
And that they' improve and benefit;
As thoſe that have been taught amiſs
In liberal arts and ſciences,
Muſt all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE

UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindneſs to preſent,
And gave him kindly, to careſs
And cheriſh his frail happineſs,
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too,
Shou'd (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No ſooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally deſtroy'd;
And that which ſhe for good deſign'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain exceſs
Runs out of all its happineſs,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greateſt adverſary prove;

T' abuſe a bleſſing ſhe beſtow'd
So truly' eſſential to his good,
To countervail his penſive cares,
And ſlaviſh drudg'ry of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and ſenſe,
And, more than all theſe, confidence;
To paſs his times of recreation
In choice and noble converſation,
Catch truth and reaſon unawares,
As men do health in wholeſome airs;
(While fools their converſants poſſeſs
As unawares with ſottiſhneſs)
To gain acceſs a private way
To man's beſt ſenſe, by its own key,
Which painful judgers ſtrive in vain
By any other courſe t' obtain;
To pull off all diſguiſe, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Diſcover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wiſe and honeſt in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous ſport
Make ſhort days long, and long nights ſhort,
And mirth, the only antidote
Againſt diſeaſes ere they 're got;
To ſave health harmleſs from th' acceſs
Both of the med'cine and diſeaſe;
Or make it help itſelf, ſecure
Againſt the deſperat'ſt fit the cure.

All theſe ſublime prerogatives
Of happineſs to human lives,
He vainly throws away, and ſlights
For madneſs, noiſe, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but ſwords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he's outed
The juſtice of his cauſe that's routed.
No ſooner has a charge been ſounded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,
And the bold ſignal giv'n, the *lie*,
But inſtantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glaſſes are ſmall ſhot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:
That blood, that 's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Tho' ſprung from wine of the ſame piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit aſſaſſinations
On its own natural relations;
And thoſe twin-ſpirits, ſo kind-hearted,
That from their friends ſo lately parted,
No ſooner ſeveral ways are gone,
But by themſelves are ſet upon,
Surpris'd like brother againſt brother,
And put to th' ſword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than thoſe between mere foreigners;

And man himſelf, with wine poſſeſt,
More ſavage than the wildeſt beaſt.
For ſerpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poiſon and their nature;
And fierceſt creatures, that repair,
In thirſty deſerts, to their rare
And diſtant rivers' banks to drink,
In love and cloſe alliance link,
And from their mixture of ſtrange ſeeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more ſavage and untam'd;
Supplies his loſs of wit and ſenſe
With barb'rouſneſs and inſolence;
Believes himſelf, the leſs he's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reaſon in his bowls,
As Turks are ſaid to do their ſouls,
Until it has ſo often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life as vignerons

Cut ſhort the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd ſafe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the paſſengers he bore
Were on the new world ſet aſhore,
He made it next his chief deſign
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which ſince has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE

UPON MARRIAGE.

Sure marriages were never ſo well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by juſtices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that ſet up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conſcience
Nor faith invaded in the ſtricteſt ſenſe;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;

But when they tir'd, like other horned beaſts,
Might have it taken off, and take their reſts,
Without b'ing bound in duty to ſhew cauſe,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For ſince, what uſe of matrimony' has been
But to make gallantry a greater ſin?
As if there were no appetite nor guſt.
Below adultery, in modiſh luſt;
Or no debauchery were exquiſite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at ſuch a rate
As theſe endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wiſe, and underſtand
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And if they 'ave iſſue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the goſſiping diſburſe,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurſe;
As he that got a monſter on a cow,
Out of deſign of ſetting up a ſhow.
For why ſhould not the brats for all account,
As well as for the chriſt'ning at the fount,
When thoſe that ſtand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the prieſt in ſpoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the ſtate allow
For getting all men's children above two:

Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For ſo they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a ſcruple in the caſe
Was held a miſerable wretch and baſe;
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honeſt men
Return'd 'em to their huſbands back agen.
Then for th' encouragement and propagation
Of ſuch a great concernment to the nation,
All people were ſo full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public ſenſe,
They had no name t' expreſs a cuckold then,
But that which ſignified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a diſgrace,
Unleſs among the dirty populace,
And no man underſtands on what account
Leſs civil nations after hit upon't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Diſhonour but to him that thinks it ſo;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorſe,
His forehead's ſhot-free, and he's ne'er the worſe:
For horns (like horny callouſes) are found
To grow on ſculls that have receiv'd a wound,

Are crackt, and broken; not at all on thofe
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthieft of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itfelf?
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Moft Romans, was the nobleft patriot?
For if a brave man, that preferv'd from death
One citizen was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reafon muft deferve a great deal more.
Then if thofe glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The beft to fave their empire from decay,
Why fhould not thefe that borrow all the worth
They have from them not take this leffon forth,
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For if 'tis hon'rable by all confeft,
Adult'ry muft be worfhipful at leaft,
And thefe times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with thefe
That claim by title right of the four feas:

For being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By b'ing engender'd with more life and force
Than thoſe begotten the dull way of courſe.
 The Chineſe place all piety and zeal
In ſerving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and ſalvation
Upon their women's ſupererogation;
With ſolemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradiſe, to all mankind;
And thoſe that can produce the moſt gallants,
Are held the precioufeſt of all their ſaints;
Wear roſaries about their necks, to con
Their exerciſe of devotion on;
That ſerve them for certificates, to ſhow
With what vaſt numbers they have had to do:
Before they 're marry'd make a conſcience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And ſhe that has been oft'neſt proſtituted,
Is worthy of the greateſt match reputed.
But when the conqu'ring Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They ſtood for conſcience, and reſolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion which their anceſtors,
And they had proſper'd in ſo many years;

Vow'd to their gods to facrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs and their wives,
Before they would commit fo great a fin
Againft the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON PLAGIARIES *.

Why fhou'd the world be fo averfe
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's fenfe and fancy feize,
And make free prize of what they pleafe?
As if, becaufe they huff and fwell,
Like pilf'rers, full of what they fteal,
Others might equal pow'r affume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
To fhut them up, like beafts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark 'em with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands,

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this fatire, or fneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleafed with the two firft lines of this compofition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why fhou'd the world be fo fevere
To every fmall-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment juftly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For tho' wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' affum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our nobleft fruits, improv'd,
By b'ing tranfplanted and remov'd;
And as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the ftate,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever pafs'd b' entail,
Nor fettled upon the heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a fecond hand;
So 'tis no more to be engrofs'd,
Than funfhine or the air inclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontroll'd and fcatter'd wind.
For why fhou'd that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent,
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known,
Is perifhable and deftroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,

Be ſcanted of that lib'ral uſe,
Which all mankind is free to chuſe,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Inſtead of being diſpers'd and ſpread?
And the more laviſh and profuſe,
'Tis of the nobler general uſe;
As riots, tho' ſupply'd by ſtealth,
Are wholeſome to the commonwealth,
And men ſpend freelier what they win,
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.
The world 's as full of curious wit
Which thoſe that father never writ,
As 'tis of baſtards, which the ſot
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet paſs as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why ſhou'd he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be ſtopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At leaſt th' expos'd and fatherleſs
Poor orphans of the pen and preſs,
Whoſe parents are obſcure or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have pow'r to raiſe
A levy, which the ſubject pays,
And tho' they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;

So he that's able to impoſe
A wit-exciſe on verſe or proſe,
And ſtill the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater ſhare,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vaſſals that ſupply' him;
Can judge more juſtly' of what he takes
Than any of the beſt he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What's fit to chuſe, and what to leave.
For men reflect more ſtrictly' upon
The ſenſe of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and ſlight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As ſalt that 's made of ſalt 's more fine,
Than when it firſt came from the brine;
And ſpirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
Hence mighty Virgil's ſaid, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold,
(As many a lout and ſilly clown
By his inſtructions ſince has done)
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He roſe a mighty man at arms,
To whom th' Heroics ever ſince
Have ſworn allegiance as their prince,

And faithfully have in all times
Obferv'd his cuftoms in their rhymes.
'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what fome author writ,
And what men underftood by rote,
By as implicit fenfe to quote:
Then many a magifterial clerk
Was taught, like finging birds, i' th' dark,
And underftood as much of things,
As the ableft blackbird what it fings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and folid, and profound.
Then why fhou'd thofe who pick and chufe
The beft of all the beft compofe,
And join it by Mofaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty fuit,
Not merit as complete repute
As thofe who with lefs art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-fpun bufinefs fit
As freely with their mother wit,
Since what by Nature was deny'd
By art and induftry 's fupply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own defert;

While all th' endowments ſhe confers,
Are not ſo much our own as her's,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our ſhares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchaſe, but inherit.
Thus all the great'ſt inventions, when
They firſt were found out, were ſo mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they ſcorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to poliſh and review,
And that a wit at ſecond hand
Has greateſt int'reſt and command;
For to improve, diſpoſe, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
Invention's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Diſdains t' obey the proudeſt wit,
Unleſs it chance to b' in the fit;
(Like propheſy, that can preſage
Succeſſes of the lateſt age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next ſhall propheſy agen)
Makes all her ſuitors courſe and wait
Like a proud miniſter of ſtate,

And, when ſhe's ſerious, in ſome freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her ſilly lazy pleaſure,
Until ſhe chance to be at leiſure;
When 'tis more eaſy to ſteal wit,
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the buſineſs and delight,
Like hunting-ſports, of thoſe that write;
For thievery is but one ſort,
The learned ſay, of hunting-ſport.
  Hence 'tis that ſome, who ſet up firſt
As raw, and wretched, and unverſt,
And open'd with a ſtock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one ſore;
That never writ in proſe or verſe,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purſe,
And at the beſt could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit,
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to ſtamp falſe coin;
Yet after long and ſturdy' endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gath'ring rags and ſcraps of wit,
As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd,
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.

For as a banker can diſpoſe
Of greater ſums he only owes,
Than he who honeſtly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So whoſoe'er can take up moſt,
May greateſt fame and credit boaſt.

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS.

Upon the imperfection and abuſe of

HUMAN LEARNING*.

PART I.

It is the nobleſt act of human reaſon
To free itſelf from ſlaviſh prepoſſeſſion,

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's, enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were perſonally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That amongſt the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The Hiſtory of Learning*.—To the ſame purpoſe is the following paſſage, cited from *The Poetical Regiſter*, vol. II. p. 21.—" In juſtice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuſcripts " Mr. Butler left behind him are now in the cuſtody of Mr. " Longueville, (among which is one, entitled *The Hiſtory of* " *Learning*, written after the manner of Hudibras) and that " not one line of thoſe poems lately publiſhed under his " name is genuine."

As theſe autherities muſt have given the world reaſon to expect, in this Work, a poem of this ſort, it becomes neceſſary for me to inform the public—that Butler did meditate a pretty long ſatire upon the imperfection and abuſe of Human Learning, but that he only finiſhed this firſt part of it, though he has left very conſiderable and intereſting fragments of the remainder, ſome of which I ſhall ſubjoin.

Aſſume the legal right to diſengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbu'd with firſt ſubmit;
Take true or falſe for better or for worſe,
To have or t'hold indiff'rently of courſe.
 For Cuſtom, tho' but uſher of the ſchool
Where Nature breeds the body and the ſoul,
Uſurps a greater pow'r and intereſt
O'er man, the heir of Reaſon, than brute beaſt,
That by two different inſtincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more falſe
Than Nature does her ſtupid animals;

The Poet's plan ſeems to have conſiſted of two parts; the firſt, which he has executed, is to expoſe the defects of human learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerneſs of men to know things above the reach of human capacity.—The ſecond, as far as one can judge by the *Remains*, and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has aſſerted in the firſt, and ridiculed and ſatirized the different branches of human learning, in characteriſing the philoſopher, critic, orator, *&c.*

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the miſtake of calling this work *A Hiſtory of Learning*; or perhaps it might ariſe from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with theſe two lines,

> The hiſtory of Learning is ſo lame,
> That few can tell from whence at firſt it came.

What has been ſaid will, I flatter myſelf, be a ſufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it does not make one unneceſſary.—However, for this reaſon, I did not think fit to place it amongſt his other Satires, which are perfect in their different ways.

And that's one reaſon why more care's beſtow'd
Upon the body than the ſoul's allow'd,
That is not found to underſtand and know
So ſubtly as the body's found to grow.
Tho' children without ſtudy, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all ſtrangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So moſt men's reaſon never can outgrow
The diſcipline it firſt receiv'd to know,
But renders words they firſt began to con,
The end of all that's after to be known,
And ſets the help of education back,
Worſe than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'ſt fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the ſchools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one's fit for it in an age.
No ſooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and ſtedfaſt to retain
Beſt knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curſe of Babylon,
To make confounded languages reſtore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before;

And therefore thoſe imported from the Eaſt,
Where firſt they were incurr'd, are held the beſt,
Altho' convey'd in worſe Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradeſmen ſcratch in ſermon note-books;
Are really but pains and labour loſt,
And not worth half the drudgery they coſt,
Unleſs, like rarities, as they have been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When thoſe who had no other but their own,
Have all ſucceeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye ſee more true,
And take their aim much better than with two:
For the more languages a man can ſpeak,
His talent has but ſprung the greater leak;
And, for the induſtry he has ſpent upon't,
Muſt full as much ſome other way diſcount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, ſet men's reaſon back,
And turns their wits, that ſtrive to underſtand it,
(Like thoſe that write the characters) left-handed;
Yet he that is but able to expreſs
No ſenſe at all in ſeveral languages,
Will paſs for learneder than he that 's known
To ſpeak the ſtrongeſt reaſon in his own.
These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in faſhion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-ſchools inculcate horſemanſhip;

Or Romiſh penitents let out their ſkins,
To bear the penalties of others' ſins.
When letters, at the firſt, were meant for play,
And only us'd to paſs the time away,
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To expreſs a ſchool and playhouſe but the ſame,
And in their languages, ſo long agone,
To ſtudy or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preſerves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to ſport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little leſs extravagances,
The reſt and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His conſtant ſhare, is never broad awake,
And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of ſenſe.
Nor is their education worſe deſign'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greateſt inclinations with the leaſt
Capacities are fatally poſſeſt,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While thoſe ſhe has indulg'd in ſoul and body,
Are moſt averſe to induſtry and ſtudy,
And th' activ'ſt fancies ſhare as looſe alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoiſe.

But when thoſe great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, induſtry, and wit,
The one but ſtrives the other to divert,
While Fate and Cuſtom in the feud take part,
And ſcholars by prepoſt'rous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, tho' the underſtanding of mankind
Within ſo ſtrait a compaſs is confin'd,
Diſdain the limits Nature ſets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The braveſt ſoldiers ſcorn, until they 're got
Cloſe to the enemy, to make a ſhot;
Yet great philoſophers delight to ſtretch
Their talents moſt at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cauſe
That Nature uſes, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,
Where ſhe denies admiſſion, to intrude;
And all their induſtry is but to err,
Unleſs they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the leſs has underſtood,
By ſtriving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
For Adam, with the loſs of Paradiſe,
Bought knowledge at too deſperate a price,
And ever ſince that miſerable fate
Learning did never coſt an eaſier rate;
For tho' the moſt divine and ſov'reign good
That Nature has upon mankind beſtow'd,

Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' intereſt of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore ſo high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and ſhallow;
Had academies, ſchools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increaſe;
With pomp and ſhew was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magiſtrate had faſces;
Impower'd with ſtatute, privilege and mandate,
T' aſſume an art, and after underſtand it;
Like bills of ſtore for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it cuſtom-free;
And own profeſſions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But ſcorn'd, as ſoon as 'twas but underſtood,
As better is a ſpiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its ſupport,
But what the darkeſt times provided for't.
 Man has a natural deſire to know,
But th' one half is for int'reſt, th' other ſhow:
As ſcriveners take more pains to learn the ſleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his ſtudy is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but ſome vainer end;

T' appear and paſs for learned, tho' his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For moſt of thoſe that drudge and labour hard,
Furniſh their underſtandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quarto's and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themſelves,
And underſtand no further than the ſhelves;
But ſmatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their Claſſical partitions;
When all a ſtudent knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it, at the beſt,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for intereſt;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own poſſeſſion is a doubt:
Affects all books of paſt and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the beſt, thoſe of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the ſtreet,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meaneſt by his name,

And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he 's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FOREGOING

SATIRE.

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they 're beyond their just extent,
As smatt'rers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;

These *Fragments* were fairly wrote out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design. From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended scheme; and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes; but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged, by some readers of great delicacy, a sort of intrusion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional observations of my own.

And, where they 'ave leaſt capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear moſt perempt'ry and ſtout;
While thoſe that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its ſphere,
Enjoy an abſoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to underſtand,
Than thoſe that falſely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
And ſtill the more they ſtrive to underſtand,
Like great eſtates, run furtheſt behind hand;
Will undertake the univerſe to fathom,
From infinite down to a ſingle atom;
Without a geometric inſtrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as eaſy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Neceſſity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole eſtabliſhment of Nature;
When all their wits to underſtand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fiſh,
That always uſe to drink, do never piſs.

What mad fantaſtic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,

That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic fects?
The firft and beft philofopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran ftark-ftaring mad with patience,
And had no other way to fhew his wit,
But when his wife was in her fcolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquifition,
And fuffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his fcholar ftriving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himfelf, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verfe.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
So he that put his eyes out, to confider
And contemplate on nat'ral things the fteadier,
Did but himfelf for idiot convince,
Tho' reverenc'd by the learned ever fince.
Empedocles, to be efteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his fandals fhod,
That being blown out, difcover'd what an afs
The great philofopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity facrific'd,
And was himfelf the victim and the prieft.
The Cynic coin'd falfe money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philofopher;
Yet with his lanthorn went, by day, to find
One honeft man i' th' heap of all mankind;

An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himſelf to be but one.
With ſwarms of maggots of the ſelf-ſame rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are properer for Knightſbridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More ſottiſh than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whiſtle,
To rally on an aſs that ate a thiſtle;
That th' antique ſage, that was gallant t' a gooſe,
A fitter miſtreſs could not pick and chuſe,
Whoſe tempers, inclinations, ſenſe, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree ſo fit.

The ancient ſceptics conſtanly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they juſtify'd;
For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,
They did but what they ſaid before diſown;
And, like Polemics of the Poſt, pronounce
The ſame thing to be true and falſe at once.*
These follies had ſuch influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual ſquabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partiſans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheſes,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;

Were often ſet by officers i' th' ſtocks
For quarrelling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launcht in cockquean ſtools,
For falling foul on oyſter-women's ſchools,
No herb-women ſold cabbages or onions,
But to their goſſips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobler ſcorn'd to ſoal
A pair of ſhoes of any other ſchool;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic liſts,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fiſts,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldeſt feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the moſt heroic,
That ſtoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'reſts of their ſects,
And ſtill behav'd themſelves as reſolute
In waging cuffs and bruiſes as diſpute,
Until with wounds and bruiſes which th' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the ſpot;
When all their quarrels, rightly underſtood,
Were but to prove diſputes the ſov'reign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at firſt deſign'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,

By b'ing too nicely overſtrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces of a point,
And with impertinent evaſions force
The cleareſt reaſon from its native courſe—
That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonſtrate, when they 'ave ſlur'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For diſputants (as ſwordſmen uſe to fence
With blunted foyles) engage with blunted ſenſe;
And as they 're wont to falſify a blow,
Uſe nothing elſe to paſs upon the foe,
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, ſtrive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themſelves too hardly preſt on,
Prevaricate, and change the ſtate o' th' queſt'on,
The nobleſt ſcience of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes from Bear-garden
Down to the ſchools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harneſs fought
As ſafe as in a caſtle or redoubt,
Gave one another deſperate attacks,
To ſtorm the counterſcarps upon their backs;

So diſputants advance, and poſt their arms,
To ſtorm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on ſome extravagant expreſſion,
But ne'er attempt the main deſign and reaſon—
So ſome polemics uſe to draw their ſwords
Againſt the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmaſius,
Engag'd with nothing but his ſtyle and phraſes,
Wav'd to aſſert the murther of a prince,
The author of falſe Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cauſe aſide,
By thoſe that underſtood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priſcian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king,
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

Judgment is but a curious pair of ſcales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or falſe,
And ſtill the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate
The ſubtlety and niceneſs of its weight,
Until 'tis falſe, and will not riſe, nor fall,
Like thoſe that are leſs artificial;
And therefore ſtudents, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to ſwallow many a ſenſeleſs gudgeon,
And by their over-underſtanding loſe
Its active faculty with too much uſe;

For reaſon, when too curiouſly 'tis ſpun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wiſely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as thoſe ſirnames are eſteem'd the beſt
That ſignify in all things elſe the leaſt,
So men paſs faireſt in the world's opinion,
That have the leaſt of truth and reaſon in 'em.
Truth would undo the world, if it poſſeſt
The meaneſt of its right and intereſt;
Is but a tit'lar princeſs, whoſe authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But moſt of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaiſance,
As greatneſs, inſolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has ſurrendred her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right uſurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—
As no tricks on the rope but thoſe that break,
Or come moſt near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the ſight, ſo nothing goes for wit
But nonſenſe, or the next of all to it:
For nonſenſe being neither falſe nor true,
A little wit to any thing may ſcrew;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of courſe
Will ſtand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force,

And pafs for fenfe t' all purpofes as good
As if it had at firft been underftood:
For nonfenfe has the ampleft privileges,
And more than all the ftrongeft fenfe obliges,
That furnifhes the fchools with terms of art,
The myfteries of fcience to impart;
Supplies all feminaries with recruits
Of endlefs controverfies and difputes;
For learned nonfenfe has a deeper found
Than eafy fenfe, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and ftyle;
And the moft curious critics or the learned
Believe themfelves in nothing elfe concerned;
For as it is the garniture and drefs
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the trueft teft
Of all the ingenuity o' th' reft.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their ftyles the wit of greateft clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the fchools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of int'reft and their clients' eloquence;

When confuls, cenfors, fenators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magiftrate o' th' fchool
Give fentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And thofe who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to fay their leffons, and declame.
Words are but pictures, true or falfe defign'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' exprefs the inward images of thoughts;
And artifts fay a picture may be good,
Altho' the moral be not underftood;
Whence fome infer they may admire a ftyle,
Tho' all the reft be e'er fo mean and vile;
Applaud th' outfides of words, but never mind
With what fantaftic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
Whofe fcience, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and falfe;
Cafts mifts before an audience's eyes,
To pafs the one for th' other in difguife;
And, like a morrice-dancer drefs'd with bells,
Only to ferve for noife and nothing elfe,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horfe's ear;
For if the language will but bear the teft,
No matter what becomes of all the reft:

The ableſt orator, to ſave a word,
Would throw all ſenſe and reaſon overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing elſe but eloquence
Is ty'd to ſuch a prodigal expenſe;
That lays out half the wit and ſenſe it uſes
Upon the other half's, as vain excuſes:
For all defences and apologies
Are but ſpecifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial waſh of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the cleareſt ſenſe,
Only to ſtain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perſpicuity,
Whilſt all the beſt and ſob'reſt things he does,
Are when he coughs, or ſpits, or blows his noſe;
Handles no point ſo evident and clear
(Beſides his white gloves) as his handkercher,
Unfolds the niceſt ſcruple ſo diſtinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that ſojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their ſtudies are between the one
And th' other ſpent, have nothing of their own;
Like ſpunges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures falſe:

For whether 'tis their want of converſation
Inclines them to all ſorts of affectation,
Their ſedentary life and melancholy,
The everlaſting nurſery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too ſubtly
Has turn'd the inſides of their brains to motly;
Or ſquand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their conſtant overſtraining of the mind
Diſtorts the brain, as horſes break their wind;
Or rude confuſions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their conſtant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the inſides of their ſculls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things elſe unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of rev'rend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by th' immoderate exceſs of ſtudy
Have found the ſickly head t' outgrow the body.
For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the ſkin of judgment, ſenſe, and art,
A ſtupify'd excreſcence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,

But from the over-curious and vain
Diftempers of an artificial brain—
So he that once ftood for the learned'ft man,
Had read out Little Britain and Duck Lane,
Worn out his reafon, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual ftudy;
Kept tutors of all forts, and virtuofis,
To read all authors to him with their gloffes,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and fcholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to fit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by confonants and vowels;
Had crackt his fcull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cafes;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of fciences and arts,
That ferve t' improve a feeble gamefter's ftudy,
That ventures at grammatic beaft, or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whofe authors ufe t' articulate their firnames
With fcraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to fcatter books in ev'ry room,
Where they might beft be feen by all that come,
And lay a train that nat'rally fhould force
What he defign'd, as if it fell of courfe;

And all this with a worſe ſucceſs than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When lighting on a philoſophic ſpell,
Of which he never knew one ſyllable,
Preſto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing elſe been bred.

UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL

NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE *.

I.

There's nothing ſo abſurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the leaſt pretence
To piety and godlineſs,
Or tender-hearted conſcience,
And zeal for goſpel-truths profeſs,
Does ſacred inſtantly commence,
And all that dare but queſtion it, are ſtrait
Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors, that eſcape and fly
Into a ſanctuary for defence,
Muſt not be brought to juſtice thence,
Altho' their crimes be ne'er ſo great and high,

* This and the two following compoſitions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this meaſure, which ſome readers may, perhaps, think too grave and ſolemn for the ſubject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It muſt, however, be allowed, that he falls no ways ſhort of his uſual depth and reach of thought, keenneſs of ſatire, and acuteneſs of expreſſion.

And he that dares prefume to do't,
Is fentenc'd and deliver'd up
To Satan, that engag'd him to't,
For vent'ring wickedly to put a ftop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle faucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their ftone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece,
The fame outgoings feem t' infpire
Our modern felf-will'd Edifier,
That out of things as far from fenfe, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worfhip and fall down before,
Of which his crack'd delufions draw
As monftrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vifion faw;
Miftakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delufions of his mind,
For fp'ritual gifts and offerings
Which Heav'n, to prefent him, brings;
And ftill the further 'tis from fenfe,

Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks whofe principles
Are falfe, prove falfe in all things elfe,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in penfion with his confcience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence,
And as the one grows obftinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Difpofes of his gifts and difpenfations
Like fpiritual foundations,
Endow'd to pious ufes, and defign'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,
But ftill diverts them to as bad, or worfe,
Than others are by unjuft governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He ftill puts out all dues
He owes to Heav'n to the devil to ufe,
And makes his godly intereft great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The fpirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his fpent
And broken-winded outward man, prefent
For painful holding-forth againft the government.

IV.

The fubtle fpider never fpins
But on dark days his flimy gins;

Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His ſpiritual machines
Unleſs among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconſtant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the ſlight,
That in their zeal are moſt extravagant;
For trouts are tickled beſt in muddy water;
And ſtill the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he's ſought and follow'd after,
And greater miniſtrations gains;
For talking idly is admir'd,
And ſpeaking nonſenſe held inſpir'd;
And ſtill the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more pow'rful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of ſharp and ſubtle edges;
And dulleſt nonſenſe has been found,
By ſome, to be the ſolid'ſt and the moſt profound.

V.

A great Apoſtle once was ſaid
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great Saint becomes diſtract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reaſon but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and taſk
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To anſwer all men can object or aſk;

But to be found impregnable,
And with a ſturdy forehead to hold out,
In ſpight of ſhame or reaſon reſolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they ſay,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For while he holds that nothing is ſo damn'd
And ſhameful as to be aſham'd,
He never can be attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepoſſeſs'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppreſs'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be ſubject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be reſtrain'd,
But where there 's ſomething to be gain'd;
And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' th' church can be ſo ſacred as a jail:
For as the Indians' priſons are their mines,
So he has found are all reſtraints
To thriving and free-conſcienc'd Saints;
For the ſame thing enriches that confines;

And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his bafer metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a penfion to be advocate
And ftanding counfel 'gainft the church and ftate
For gall'd and tender confciences;
Commits himfelf to prifon to trepan,
Draw in, and fpirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildeft into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His flipp'ry confcience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And ev'ry one another contradicts;
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
And fwallow oaths, and blood, and rapine eafy,
And yet is fo infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentleft check,
But at the flighteft nicety grows queafy;
Difdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a prifon, free;
Can force itfelf, in fpight of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A flave and villain to become,
To ferve its interefts abroad:

And tho' no Phariſee was e'er ſo cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,
No dull idolater was e'er ſo flat
In things of deep and ſolid weight;
Pretends to charity and holineſs,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderneſs grows obſtinate.
And tho' the zeal of God's houſe ate a prince
And prophet up (he ſays) long ſince,
His croſs-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's houſe, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but proſecute,
As if he went to law, his ſuit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And anſwer what he ſhall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits croſs complaints
Againſt him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet ſtands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts againſt him and his laws,
And will be judge himſelf in his own cauſe;
And grows more ſaucy and ſevere
Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,

That us'd to wrangle with him and diſpute,
And ſometimes would ſpeak ſoftly in his ear,
And ſometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his ſuit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the ſenſe,
But in the ſpiritual vehemence,
The pow'r and diſpenſation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
The groans with which he piouſly deſtroys,
And drowns the nonſenſe in the noiſe;
And grows ſo loud, as if he meant to force
And take in heav'n by violence;
To fright the Saints into ſalvation,
Or ſcare the devil from temptation;
Until he falls ſo low and hoarſe,
No kind of carnal ſenſe
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were preciſe
To uſe no ſhort-tail'd beaſt in ſacrifice,
He ſtill conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largeſt meaſure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the beſt,
By their own martyrs' blood increaſt;

But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of thoſe
That dare his church's growth oppoſe,
Or her imperious canons diſobey,
And ſtrives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage, and edifying war,
More ſafe and pow'rful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the firſt great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Chriſtian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and viſions,
And apoſtolic ſuperſtitions,
To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
And his ſucceſſor was a Preſbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act ſome crime
Againſt his Prophet's holy law
Is wont to bid his ſoul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So when ſome horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkiſh proſelyte puts on
Another ſpirit, and lays by his own;
And when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Muſſulman,

He 's judg'd infpir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be faints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madnefs all devotion plants,
And where he differs moft concurs;
Both equally exact and juft
In perjury and breach of truft;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimoufly damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they ftrive to do the fame.

XII.

Both equally defign to raife
Their churches by the felf-fame ways;
With war and ruin to affert
Their doctrine, and with fword and fire convert;
To preach the gofpel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And tho' in worfhipping of God all blood
Was by his own laws difallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be fo good,
And both to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints one way proceed;
For luft and rapes in war repair as faft
As fury and deftruction wafte:

Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a ſect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in goſpel-times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'ſt ſcenes of blood and ſin;
For when Religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monſters can ſucceed.

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
Thoſe joys above, that to reward
The juſt and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are paſt;
Elſe men would rather venture to poſſeſs
By force, than earn their happineſs;
And only take the dev'l's advice,
As Adam did, how ſooneſt to be wiſe,
Tho' at th' expenſe of Paradiſe:
For, as ſome ſay, to fight is but a baſe
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A gen'rous ſpirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know,

Which ſome, with only confidence and face,
More eaſily and ably do;
For daring nonſenſe ſeldom fails to hit,
Like ſcatter'd ſhot, and paſs with ſome for wit.
Who would not rather make himſelf a judge,
And boldly uſurp the chair,
Than with dull induſtry and care
Endure to ſtudy, think, and drudge,
For that which he much ſooner may advance
With obſtinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, tho' in ſpight
Of Nature and their ſtars, a right
To cenſure, judge, and know,
Tho' ſhe can only order who
Shall be, and who ſhall ne'er be wiſe:
Then why ſhould thoſe whom ſhe denies
Her favour and good graces to
Not ſtrive to take opinion by ſurpriſe,
And raviſh what it were in vain to wooe?
For he that deſp'rately aſſumes
The cenſure of all wits and arts,
Tho' without judgment, ſkill, and parts,
Only to ſtartle and amuſe,
And maſk his ignorance (as Indians uſe
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
Can never fail to captive ſome

That will ſubmit to his oraculous doom,
And rev'rence what they ought to ſcorn,
Admire his ſturdy confidence
For ſolid judgment and deep ſenſe;
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like ſtolen pleaſures, ought to be moſt ſweet.

III.

Two ſelf-admirers, that combine
Againſt the world, may paſs a fine
Upon all judgment, ſenſe, and wit,
And ſettle it as they think fit
On one another, like the choice
Of Perſian princes, by one horſe's voice:
For thoſe fine pageants which ſome raiſe,
Of falſe and diſproportion'd praiſe,
T' enable whom they pleaſe t' appear,
And paſs for what they never were,
In private only b'ing but nam'd,
Their modeſty muſt be aſham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain ſome authors are to boaſt
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Poſt,
As falſe as ſuborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courfes fail,
There is one eafy artifice
That feldom has been known to mifs,
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reafon, wit, and fenfe,
And all that makes againft himfelf condemn;
To fnarl at all things right or wrong,
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
T' its firft original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquifitor of wit,
To fpare no flefh that ever fpoke or writ;
Tho' to perform his tafk as dull,
As if he had a toadftone in his fcull,
And could produce a greater ftock
Of maggots than a paftoral poet's flock.

V.

The feebleft vermin can deftroy
As fure as ftouteft beafts of prey,
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect and poifon men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon
That makes it both his bus'nefs and his fport
To rail at all, is but a drone

That ſpends his ſting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of letchery in ſpight,
Like o'ergrown ſinners, that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all thoſe
That have, or have it not to loſe;
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongeſt ſenſe:
As rooking gameſters never lay
Upon thoſe hands that uſe fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the ſlurs and cunning tricks of ableſt cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himſelf much leſs
Than all the world beſide,
Falls ſick of other men's exceſs,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happineſs;
Revenges on himſelf the wrong
Which his vain malice and looſe tongue
To thoſe that feel it not have done,
And whips and ſpurs himſelf becauſe he is outgone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and falſe,
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
To thoſe whom they would in effigy ſlay.
And as the devil that has no ſhape of his own,
Affects to put the 454ſt on,
And leaves a ſtink behind him when he's gone,

So he that 's worſe than nothing ſtrives t' appear
I' th' likeneſs of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak, but when men dare
Encounter with him, ſtinks, and vaniſhes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE. *

I.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With ſettlements for after-lives:
For all that can be done or ſaid,
Tho' ere ſo noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor underſtood.
All our fine ſleights and tricks of art,
Firſt to create, and then adore deſert,
And thoſe romances which we frame,
To raiſe ourſelves, not them, a name,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's, among the many ſpurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was publiſhed by the Author himſelf, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three ſheets 4to; and agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuſcripts, with ſome little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may obſerve, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

In vain are ſtuft with ranting flatteries,
And ſuch as, if they knew, they would deſpiſe.
For as thoſe times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in uſe at all,
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deſerv'd nor known,
But to worſe purpoſe, many times,
To flouriſh o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never ſeems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whoſe name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great example to mankind,
That fell a public ſacrifice,
From ruin to preſerve thoſe few
Who, tho' born falſe, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more juſt and wiſe,
Ought not, like vulgar aſhes, reſt
Unmention'd in his ſilent cheſt,
Not for his own, but public intereſt.
He, like a pious man, ſome years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live
To his laſt minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentee mode;

Take prizes more obligingly than thoſe
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful faſhion
Than e'er was known before to the dull Engliſh nation.

III.

In France, the ſtaple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That ſerves the ruder northern nations
With methods of addreſs and treat,
Preſcribes new garnitures and faſhions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-faſhion wine or meat,
To underſtand cravats and plumes,
And the moſt modiſh from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venice;
Caſt their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay;
T' affect the pureſt negligences
In geſtures, gaits, and miens,
And ſpeak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the moſt authentic of romances,
And to demonſtrate, with ſubſtantial reaſon,
What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of ſeaſon;

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education,

Where all men are ſo ingeniouſly inclin'd,
They underſtand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they ſuck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does diſpenſe
To all a deep and ſolid confidence;
A virtue of that precious uſe,
That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate ſhare of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts:
(For ſo of late the learned call
All tricks, if ſtrange and myſtical.)
He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
And with his magic rod could ſound
Where hidden treaſure might be found:
He, like a lord o' th' manor, ſeiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way
As lawful weſt and ſtray,
And after, by the cuſtom, kept it as his own.

V.

From theſe firſt rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horſe,
Whom he as bravely did ſubdue;
Declar'd all caravans that go
Upon the king's highway the foe;

Made many defperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all profeffions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the fmalleft piece, reftore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until he 'as made it known
How much he does defpife and fcorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt fun and fun,
Have by his conqu'ring fword been won;
And mighty fums of money laid,
For ranfom, upon every man,
And hoftages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' excife and chimney-publican,
The Jew-foreftaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did anfwer.
He vanquifh'd the moft fierce, and fell,
Of all his foes, the Conftable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway

Does feats of arms as great as his,
And when they' encounter in it wins the day:
Safe in his garriſon, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are ſentenc'd for't,
To this ſtern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have ſtarv'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty ſpirit down,
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wiſe and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce aſſault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And thoſe that bring up cheeſe, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er ſo ſtrong with food
Durſt venture on the deſp'rate road:
He made th' undaunted wagonner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The ſavage butcher and ſtout drover
Durſt not to him their feeble troops diſcover;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the City yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly apteſt to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his ſtars began to frown,
And had in cloſe cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
And he, by num'rous foes oppreſt,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon caſt,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Leſt he by force or ſtratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be ſet at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care
Than thoſe of meaner rates,
So he was in ſtone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up cloſe priſoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too,
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
For thoſe two ſpightful foes, who never meet
But full of hot conteſts and picques

About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom ſubmit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully ſatisfy'd; the one
With thoſe freſh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his perſon and his charms:
For juſt as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glaſs,
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And ſmoother poliſh'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by ſurprize.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Diſtreſſed dames, ſuch dreadful feats atchieve
As feeble damſels, for his ſake,
Wou'd have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loſs and their own,
Strove who ſhould have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
Their life itſelf began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live when he was doom'd to die;

Made loud appeals and moans,
To lefs hard-hearted grates and ftones;
Came, fwell'd with fighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themfelves his fellow-fufferers,
And follow'd him, like prifoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT

WHICH DELIBERATED

ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING *.

As clofe as a goofe
Sat the Parliament-houfe
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Tho' things do not fadge,
Will ferve to be queen of a May-pole;

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of fome republican zealots in his party, refufed to accept, and contented himfelf with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

Two princes of Wales,
For Whitſun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeſty Pride,
With his dagger and his ſling;
He was the pertinent'ſt peer
Of all that were there,
T' adviſe with ſuch a king.

A great philoſopher
Had a gooſe for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true ſtory,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his ſon,
Both caſt into one,
Were meant for a ſingle baron;
But when they came to ſit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to ſerve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,

Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL*.

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A ſtranger thing
Than this I ſing
Came never to this city.

Had you but ſeen this monſter,
You wou'd not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

* To this humourous ballad Butler had prefixed this title —*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards croſſed it out, for which reaſon I have not inſerted it; and only mention it as a circumſtance which may amuſe ſuch as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this ſort. It does not appear to bear any ſenſe conſiſtent with the ſubject; but ſome other critic may perhaps find one, or at leaſt pleaſe himſelf with thinking ſo.

You wou'd defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The ftrangeft fhape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lomy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your difh or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nofe,
But, indeed, it is no fuch matter.

On both fides of th' aforefaid
Are eyes, but they're not matches,
On which there are
To be feen two fair
And large well-grown muftaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders ftrike,
That a beard fhou'd grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever fee the like?

V. 16.] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not pofitively affirm, that this droll picture was defigned for him. The roundnefs of the face, the oddnefs of the nofe, and the remarkable largenefs of the eyebrows, are particulars which correfpond exactly with them.

He has no ſcull, 'tis well known
To thouſands of beholders;
Nothing but a ſkin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his ſhoulders.

On both ſides of his noddle
Are ſtraps o' th' very ſame leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morſels of tripe, chuſe ye whether.

Between theſe two extendeth
A ſlit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The ſowce that grows ſo near.

Beneath a tuft of briſtles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'T wou'd have ſerv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within a ſet of grinders
Moſt ſharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and braſs
As eaſy as
That you wou'd do a pudding.

But the ſtrangeſt thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That uſeth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

This monſter was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to wooe her,
With black doublet and britches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers ſeveral countries
The hogs and ſwine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;

The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horſe that ne'er ſtumbl'd.

As ſoon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They ſay 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails moſt ſharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be ſeen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vaniſh'd, ſeen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the ſtink
Knew which way he was gone.

℣. 13, 14.] This whimſical liberty our Author takes, of tranſpoſing the words for the ſake of a rhyme, though at the expenſe of the ſenſe, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to obſerve, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place:

But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
The one verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
I think's ſufficient at one time. Hud. p. 2. c. I. ℣. 29.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
-nefs; for the fight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all thofe parts much harmed,
'Till a wife-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hogfty charmed.

There, when fhe had him fhut faft,
With brimftone and with nitre
She fing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a fpaniel;
For fhe us'd to ride
On his back aftride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been fhown
In every town,
And eke in every fhire.

And now, at lenth, he 's brought
Unto fair London city;
Where in Fleet-ftreet
All thofe may fee't
That will not believe my ditty.

God fave the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's highnefs,
And quickly fend
The wars an end,
As here my fong has—*Finis*.

*MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS**.

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By fev'ral courfes, to one end;
To compafs, by the prop'reft fhows,
Whatever their defigns propofe;
And that which owns the fair'ft pretext
Is often found the indirect'ft.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites ftill paint
Much fairer than the real faint,

ỷ 61] From this circumftance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earlieft performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no difcredit to his younger years.

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the fame kind, fairly wrote out by Butler, in a fort of poetical Thefaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publifh any of them, as feparate

And knaves appear more juſt and true
Than honeſt men, that make leſs ſhew:
The dulleſt idiots in diſguiſe
Appear more knowing than the wiſe;
Illiterate dunces, undiſcern'd,
Paſs on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Paſs muſter for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a juſt pretence,
And, put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

diſtinct thoughts, or to interweave them into ſome future compoſitions, a thing very uſual with him, cannot be aſcertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to thoſe who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miſcellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

> No Jeſuit e'er took in hand
> To plant a church in barren land,
> Nor ever thought it worth the while
> A Swede or Ruſs to reconcile, &c.

The publiſhing of Miſcellaneous Thoughts, or, what paſſes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be juſtified by many names of the greateſt authority in the learned world; and theſe ſallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, ſometimes give more pleaſure than when they are interſperſed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels ſeparately in a cabinet, than to ſee them adorning a prince's crown, or a royal robe. One may venture to add, that theſe of our Author muſt have a kind of additional recommendation, by the agreeable ſingularity of their being in verſe.

How various and innumerable
Are thofe who live upon the rabble?
'Tis they maintain the church and ftate,
Employ the prieft and magiftrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excifes,
And impofitions of all prices;
Bear all th' expenfe of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their paftors exhibitions;
And thofe who have the greateft flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all fchifmatics and fects,
And pay 'em for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay 'em in good rents and lands;
Difcharge all coftly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the fcores
Of caterpiller bawds and whores;
Difcharge all damages and cofts
Of Knights and Squires of the Poft;
All ftatefmen, cutpurfes and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;

All pettifoggers, and all ſorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All ſums of money paid or ſpent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
To purchaſe this world, hell, or heav'n.

Should once the world reſolve t' aboliſh
All that 's ridiculous and fooliſh,
It wou'd have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jeſt or earneſt to,
No buſineſs of importance, play,
Or ſtate, to paſs its time away.

The world would be more juſt, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But ſince impoſtors are ſo highly rais'd,
And faith and juſtice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for ſuch paltry gains
T' undo themſelves with drudgery and pains.

The ſottiſh world without diſtinction looks
On all that paſſes on th' account of books;
And when there are two ſcholars that within
The ſpecies only hardly are a-kin,
The world will paſs for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they' ave loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they 're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the ſun
To ripen it ſooner than he wou'd have done.

As all Fanatics preach, ſo all men write
Out of the ſtrength of gifts and inward light,
In ſpite of art; as horſes thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more faſt.

IN all miſtakes the ſtrict and regular
Are found to be the deſp'rat'ſt ways to err,
And worſt to be avoided, as a wound
Is ſaid to be the harder cur'd that's round;
For error and miſtake the leſs they' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;
As no man minds thoſe clocks that uſe to go
Apparently too over-faſt or ſlow.

THE trueſt characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men uſe to bear their noſes higher
Than thoſe that have their eyes and ſight entire.

THE metaphyſic's but a puppet motion
That goes with ſcrews, the notion of a notion;

The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatſoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or falſe;
Turns truth to falſehood, falſehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of ſchools to underſtand,
But make things hard, inſtead of b'ing explain'd;
And therefore thoſe are commonly the learn'deſt
That only ſtudy between jeſt and earneſt:
For when the end of learning 's to purſue
And trace the ſubtle ſteps of falſe and true,
They ne'er conſider how they 're to apply,
But only liſten to the noiſe and cry,
And are ſo much delighted with the chaſe,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proſelytes and converts uſe t' accrue
To falſe perſuaſions than the right and true;
For error and miſtake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to leſs than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,

Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

The great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting againſt Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made priſoner:
The Sultan then, into whoſe hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thouſand weight of gold, to free
And ſet them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the euchariſt,
The body of our Saviour Chriſt.
The Turk conſider'd, and allow'd
The king's ſecurity for good:
Such credit had the Chriſtian zeal,
In thoſe days, with an Infidel,
That will not paſs for twopence now,
Among themſelves, 'tis grown ſo low.

Those that go up hill uſe to bow
Their bodies forward, and ſtoop low,
To poiſe themſelves, and ſometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and ſteep:
So thoſe at court, that do addreſs
By low ignoble offices,

Can ſtoop to any thing that's baſe,
To wriggle into truſt and grace,
Are like to riſe to greatneſs ſooner
Than thoſe that go by worth and honour.

All acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of ſervices that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

Lions are kings of beaſts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such ſavage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beaſts that do obey.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no intereſt of ſtate,
But ſuch as ſerves a preſent ſtrait,
And to patch up, or ſhift, will cloſe,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind hand, and has ſpent
Its credit to the laſt extent;
And the firſt time 'tis at a loſs,
Has not one true friend nor one croſs.

The Devil was the firſt o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,

Who was the firſt bold undertaker
Of bearing arms againſt his Maker,
And tho' miſcarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Tho' tumbled from the top of bliſs
Down to the bottomleſs abyſs;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever ſince,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or ſuffer, like the devil.

The worſt of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their ſwords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No ſeared conſcience is ſo fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Chriſtian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a peſtilent diſeaſe
To Chriſtian charity and peace.

As thiſtles wear the ſofteſt down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
And then declare themſelves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;

So a ſmooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the miſchief that he meant
Does, like a rattleſnake, prevent.

Man is ſupreme lord and maſter
Of his own ruin and diſaſter;
Controls his fate, but nothing leſs
In ordering his own happineſs;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it ſecure and certain
Againſt the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in ſpite of all his wit,
Is loſt with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumſtance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

Dame Fortune, ſome men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by deſert or wit
Cou'd never make the matter hit,
But ſtill the better they deſerve,
Are but the abler thought to ſtarve.

Great wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they coſt them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the laſt;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that 's proof againſt th' aſſay,
Upon the touchſtone wears away,
And having ſtood the greater teſt,
Is overmaſter'd by the leaſt;
So ſome men, having ſtood the hate
And ſpiteful cruelty of Fate,
Tranſported with a falſe careſs
Of unacquainted happineſs,
Loſt to humanity and ſenſe,
Have fall'n as low as inſolence.

Innocence is a defence
For nothing elſe but patience;
'T will not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence againſt the tricks of ſtate;
Nor from th' oppreſſion of the laws
Protect the plain'ſt and juſteſt cauſe;
Nor keep unſpotted a good name
Againſt the obloquies of Fame;

Feeble as Patience, and as ſoon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beaſts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worſe.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or falſe, engage?
And, 'cauſe they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal intereſt,
And free dominion, o'er the reſt.
And as one ſhield that fell from heav'n
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to ſecure the fate
And laſting empire of a ſtate,
The falſe are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that underſtand 'em leaſt,
Are ſtill the fierceſt in conteſt;
Unſight, unſeen, eſpouſe a ſide
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their ſouls, and ſwear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Muſt be by a dog glad to be led;

And no beafts have fo little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion:
'Tis an infectious peftilence,
The tokens upon wit and fenfe,
That with a venemous contagion
Invades the fick imagination;
And when it feizes any part,
It ftrikes the poifon to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's fo perverfe in nature
As a profound opiniator.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere fots of magiftrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wife,
The noble with the bafe complies,
The fot affumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the bafe fubmit.

A godly man, that has ferv'd out his time
In holinefs, may fet up any crime;
As fcholars, when they 'ave taken their degrees,
May fet up any faculty they pleafe.

Why fhou'd not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,

And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as ſuitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No leſs than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in uſe,
Than ſhoemakers to wear all ſhoes.

THE ſob'reſt ſaints are more ſtiff-necked
Than th' hotteſt-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will ſerve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As perſecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white ſtones will ſerve, they ſay,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greateſt ſaints and ſinners have been made
Of proſelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wiſe and cautious conſciences
Are free to take what courſe they pleaſe;

Have plenary indulgence to diſpoſe,
At pleaſure, of the ſtricteſt vows,
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witneſs what they do;
And when they prove averſe and loath,
Yet for convenience take an oath;
Not only can diſpenſe, but make it
A greater ſin to keep than take it;
Can bind and looſe all ſorts of ſin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no ſuperior to control,
But what itſelf ſets o'er the ſoul;
And when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk inviſible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear;
Can turn itſelf into diſguiſes
Of all ſorts, for all ſorts of vices;
Can tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to ſecure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:

For true and faithful, good and juſt,
Are but preparatives to truſt;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and ſprings.

All love, at firſt, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But when 'tis ſettled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer ſtill the older,
And proves the pleaſanter the colder.

The motions of the earth or ſun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and ſtarts,
And ſo are thoſe of lovers' hearts,
Which, tho' they keep no even pace,
Move true and conſtant to one place.

Love is too great a happineſs
For wretched mortals to poſſeſs;
For cou'd it hold inviolate
Againſt thoſe cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are ſubject to,
It wou'd become a bliſs too high
For periſhing mortality,

Tranflate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

All wild but gen'rous creatures live, of courfe,
As if they had agreed for better or worfe:
The lion's conftant to his only mifs,
And never leaves his faithful lionefs;
And fhe as chafte and true to him agen,
As virtuous ladies ufe to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And fhe as true and conftant to his bed,
That firft enjoy'd her fingle maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never fatisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, tho' but for the worft of all, to change.

The fouls of women are fo fmall,
That fome believe they 'ave none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, ftill
They 'ave but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And tho' their paffions have moft pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but flaves the more
To th' abs'lute will, that with a breath
Has fov'reign pow'r of life and death,

And, as its little int'refts move,
Can turn 'em all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, difdain, and fcorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate;
And hate again, and fcorn, and picques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

All forts of vot'ries, that profefs
To bind themfelves apprentices
To Heav'n, abjure, with folemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a fpoufe,
As th' worft of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, juft as nuns
The fame thing the fame way renounce;
Before they 'ave wit to underftand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or having ftaid and loft their tides,
Are out of feafon grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage-bed
Has been fo loofely hufbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women fep'rate alimony;

And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And for their journeywork and pains
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is beſt,
And counted much more noble than the preſt;
So is that poetry whoſe gen'rous ſtrains
Flow without ſervile ſtudy, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, ſome a muſe,
That, as poſſeſſing devils uſe,
Haunts and forſakes a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

All writers, tho' of diff'rent fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are diſtreſs'd and diſcontent,
Make ſongs, and ſing t' an inſtrument,
And poets by their ſuff'rings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and diſcontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not ſo before;
And thoſe that have writ beſt, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;

Had lov'd their eafe too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle fet up wit.

They that do write in authors' praifes,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praife, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without defert,
Requires a maftery of art,
That fets a glofs on what 's amifs,
And writes what fhou'd be, not what is.

In foreign univerfities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other ftudies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, fome in Greek,
And fome, more wife, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expenfe
Of difficulter wit and fenfe;
And feem more learnedifh than thofe
That at a greater charge compofe.
The doctors lead, the ftudents follow;
Some call him Mars, and fome Apollo,

Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæfar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was chriften'd Julius,
And was addrefs'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently long ago;
And with more heroes' names is ftyl'd,
Than faints' are clubb'd t' an Auftrian child:
And as wit goes by colleges,
As well as ftanding and degrees,
He ftill writes better than the reft,
That 's of the houfe that 's counted beft.

Far greater numbers have been loft by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of defpair
Were ever able to difpatch by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miferableft of diftrefs
Improves attempts as defp'rate with fuccefs;
Succefs, that owns and juftifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deferts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but mifcarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

The people have as much a neg'tive voice
To hinder making war without their choice,

As kings of making laws in parliament;
No money is as good as No aſſent.

When princes idly lead about,
Thoſe of their party follow ſuite,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all ſubjects diſcontent
Againſt a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At ſubjects' diſobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reaſon on each ſide?

Authority is a diſeaſe and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

Dame Juſtice puts her ſword into the ſcales,
With which ſhe 's ſaid to weigh out true and falſe,
With no deſign but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

All that which law and equity miſcalls
By th' empty idle names of True and Falſe,
Is nothing elſe but maggots blown between
Falſe witneſſes and falſer jurymen.

No court allows thofe partial interlopers
Of law and equity, two fingle paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a fuit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free coft, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with juftice;
And when the one fide bringeth cuftom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himfelf will rather chufe to play
At paltry fmall game than fit out, they fay;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Juftice, will not trot.

The law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little confiders right or wrong;
But, like authority', is foon fatisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own fide.

The law can take a purfe in open court,
Whilft it condemns a lefs delinquent for't.

Who can deferve for breaking of the laws
A greater penance than an honeft caufe?

All thofe that do but rob and fteal enough,
Are punifhment and court of juftice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a ftraw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other fufferers, of their due.

Old laws have not been ſuffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the ſenſe at large the more disjointed,
And furniſh lawyers, with the greater eaſe,
To turn and wind them any way they pleaſe.
The ſtatute law 's their Scripture, and reports
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
Records their general councils, and deciſions
Of judges on the bench their ſole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they 'ave greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And ſtrive perpetually to make the ſtandard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And when two caſes at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, ſuit,
The Court directs the obſtinat'ſt diſpute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor perſon, in the caſe.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to thoſe of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much eaſier than if they 'ad none.

As thoſe that are ſtark blind can trace
The neareſt ways from place to place,
And find the right way eaſier out,
Than thoſe that hood-wink'd try to do't;
So tricks of ſtate are manag'd beſt
By thoſe that are ſuſpected leaſt,
And greateſt *fineſſe* brought about
By engines moſt unlike to do't.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his falſe dice freely run,
And truſts them to themſelves alone,
But never lets a true one ſtir
Without ſome fing'ring trick or flur;
And, when the gameſters doubt his play,
Conveys his falſe dice ſafe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the ſearch.

What elſe does hiſtory uſe to tell us,
But tales of ſubjects b'ing rebellious;
The vain perfidiouſneſs of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The ſottiſh pride and inſolence
Of ſtateſmen, and their want of ſenſe;
Their treach'ry that undoes, of cuſtom,
Their own ſelves firſt, next thoſe who truſt 'em?

BECAUSE a feeble limb 's careſt,
And more indulg'd than all the reſt,
So frail and tender conſciences
Are humour'd to do what they pleaſe;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the moſt incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murther, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees uſe to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With ſtorms and tempeſts when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their freſh green liv'ries all the year;
So when the glorious ſeaſon 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'ſt calamities oppreſs
The greateſt ſtill, and ſpare the leſs.

As when a greedy raven ſees
A ſheep entangled by the fleece,
With haſty cruelty he flies
To attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do thoſe vultures uſe, that keep
Poor pris'ners faſt like ſilly ſheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall:

For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curfe for fin,
And were no part o' th' firft creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'ft materials
T' enclofe the earth with living walls.
So jailors, that are moft accurft,
Are found moft fit in being worft.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raife infernal fpirits up but fear,
That makes men pull their horns in like a fnail,
That 's both a pris'ner to itfelf, and jail;
Draws more fantaftic fhapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood in fome men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they fee, and bulls
Are only in the infides of their fculls.

The Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own,
Befide th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himfelf an abfolute free prince
In his dominions, only over fins;
But as for heaven, fince it lies fo far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Crofs-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:

Yet when he comes to take accompt, and ſhare
The profit of his proſtituted ware,
He finds his gains increaſe, by ſin and women,
Above his richeſt titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a ſp'ritual fair,
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of impious ware,
In which his Holineſs buys nothing in,
To ſtock his magazines, but deadly ſin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For dealing both for Judas and th' high-prieſt,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Chriſt.

THAT ſp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once imbark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Altho' bound thro' an univerſal ſea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing elſe but in the helm and ſtern.

IN the church of Rome to go to ſhrift,
Is but to put the ſoul on a clean ſhift.

AN aſs will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are underſtood,
And force Miſtake and Ignorance to own
A better ſenſe than commonly is known.

In little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in ſelling than in buying;
But in the great unjuſter dealing
Is us'd in buying than in ſelling.

All ſmatt'rers are more briſk and pert
Than thoſe that underſtand an art;
As little ſparkles ſhine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Law does not put the leaſt reſtraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholeſome laws preſerve us free,
By ſtinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Thoſe things to practiſe that are of no uſe,
And ſtrives to practiſe things of ſpeculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's courſe againſt the grain.

In all the world there is no vice
Leſs prone t' exceſs than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor clothing:
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was ſo low
As that of Honour, built to ſhow
How humble honour ought to be,
Tho' there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal eſtimate,
Than caſt up fractions, in the accompt of heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjuſt them ev'n;
For modeſt perſons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or ſtray,
Are only gain'd by loſing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is underſtood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of ſenſe,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To ſcribble what he does not underſtand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive, he'd be to ſeek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;

Would never underſtand one word of ſenſe
The moſt irrefragable ſchoolman means:
As if the ſchools deſign'd their terms of art
Not to advance a ſcience, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures to amuſe
The rabble from obſerving what he does.

As 'tis a greater myſtery in the art
Of painting to foreſhorten any part
Than draw it out, ſo 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man that for his profit 's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray,
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be ſluggiſh in the work, nor nice.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are ſtiffer
Than thoſe of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way ſoe'er they are deſign'd to go.

Navigation, that withſtood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to ſave
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the ſea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,

That, by degrees, has ſwallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The prince of Syracuſe, whoſe deſtin'd fate
It was to keep a ſchool and rule a ſtate,
Found that his ſceptre never was ſo aw'd,
As when it was tranſlated to a rod;
And that his ſubjects never were ſo obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to inſtruct is greater than to rule,
And no commands ſo imperious as a ſchool.

As he whoſe deſtiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does loſe his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his ſhare;
So he whom Fate at once deſign'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich diſtreſs,
And ſtarves with niggardly exceſs.

The univerſal med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the ſick,
Unleſs by death, the ſingular receipt,
To root out all diſeaſes by the great:
For univerſals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;

And therefore that French quack that ſet up phyſic,
Call'd his receipt a General ſpecific.
For tho' in mortal poiſons every one
Is mortal univerſally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all as eaſy as they 're got;
Much leſs, among ſo many variations
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themſelves t' an equal moderator.

A convert 's but a fly, that turns about
After his head 's pull'd off to find it out.

All mankind is but a rabble
As ſilly and unreaſonable
As thoſe that, crowding in the ſtreet,
To ſee a ſhow or monſter meet,
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the ſight,
And when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the moſt and worſt of vices;
And all the reaſons that prevail
Are meaſur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monſters and puppet-plays are wares

Which in the leſs will not go off,
Becauſe they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will paſs,
That will not in another place.

Logicians uſe to clap a propoſition,
As juſtices do criminals, in priſon,
And in as learn'd authentic nonſenſe writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician 's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reaſon by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the leaſt that take the greateſt pains,
But moſt of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A nat'ral ſign of weakneſs, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more buſy at their play
Than thoſe that wiſely'ſt paſs their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reaſon firſt found out, nor brains,
But paſs for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by miſtake or overſight.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they shou'd the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And tho' he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION

OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a lake;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;

That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are caſt away and drown'd;
That dwell in ſhips, like ſwarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
Whole towns are caſt away in ſtorms, and wreckt;
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fiſhes,
And ſerve their couſin-germans up in diſhes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjuſtly blame
  My guiltleſs breaſt,
For vent'ring to diſcloſe a flame
  It had ſo long ſuppreſt.

In its own aſhes it deſign'd
  For ever to have lain;
But that my ſighs, like blaſts of wind,
  Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection ſlight,
'Cauſe my locks with age are white:
Your breaſts have ſnow without, and ſnow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are ſeen.

EPIGRAM

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipeſtaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a cloſe confederacy link,
For nothing elſe but only to hold drink.

*HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY**.

IN days of yore, when knight or ſquire
By Fate were ſummon'd to retire,
Some menial poet ſtill was near,
To bear them to the hemiſphere,
And there among the ſtars to leave 'em,
Until the gods ſent to relieve 'em:
And ſure our Knight, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Shou'd he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,

* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as publiſhed by Mr. Thyer from the manuſcripts in the poſſeſſion of the late William Longueville, Eſq; they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being ſpurious; but as both have conſtantly made a part of the Collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of *The Poſthumous Works of Samuel Butler*, and as they, beſides, relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefeſt reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be diſpleaſed to find them ſubjoined to theſe *Genuine Remains* of the celebrated Author of *Hudibras*. M.

Wou'd have juſt to complain,
If he ſhou'd chance to riſe again;
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.
Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
How this renowned champion fell?
But muſt reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like graſs,
And that the ſtrongeſt martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats:
Witneſs our Knight, who ſure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More-Hall, the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them ſingly man by man.
No, ſure, the griſly King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To iſſue his dead-warrant forth
To ſeize a knight of ſo much worth,
Juſt in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the ſtory.
Oh! help me, help me, ſome kind Muſe,
This ſurly tyrant to abuſe,
Who, in his rage, has been ſo cruel
To rob the world of ſuch a jewel;

A knight more learned, ſtou… good,
Sure ne'er was made of fleſh and blood:
All his perfections were ſo rare,
The wit of man cou'd not declare
Which ſingle virtue, or which grace,
Above the reſt had any place,
Or which he was moſt famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal ſpice,
And was in all ſo very nice,
That, to ſpeak truth, th' account is loſt,
In which he did excel the moſt.
When he forſook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears poſſeſt the nation,
How he cou'd manage that vocation,
Until he ſhew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching, too, he was a dab,
More exquiſite by far than Squab;
He cou'd fetch uſes, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpoſe were;
And with his fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick,
Beat pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting thoſe that fell aſleep.

Then at the bar … right able,
And cou'd bind o… as well as ſwaddle;
And famous, too, at petty ſeſſions,
'Gainſt thieves and whores for long digreſſions.
He cou'd moſt learnedly determin
To Bridewell, or the ſtocks, the vermin.
For his addreſs and way of living,
All his behaviour was ſo moving,
That let the dame be ne'er ſo chaſte,
As people ſay, below the waſte,
If Hudibras but once come at her,
He'd quickly make her chaps to water:
Then for his equipage and ſhape,
On veſtals they'd commit a rape,
Which often, as the ſtory ſays,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read that never heard,
How he with Widow Tomſon far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that inſulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious ſtrains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
…to this ſubtile gypſy's net,
Who, after all her high pretence,
To modeſty and innocence,

Was thought by moſt to be a [...]
That to all other knights was co[...]non.
Hard was his fate in this I own,
Nor will I for the trapes attone;
Indeed to gueſs I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unleſs ſhe did not like his wit,
Or, what is worſe, his perquiſite.
Howe'er it was, the wound ſhe gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot, to deſtroy a knight
That cou'd both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel, baſe, inhuman drab,
To give him ſuch a mortal ſtab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As tho' that he had been no ſoldier:
Could'ſt thou find no one elſe to kill,
Thou inſtrument of death and hell,
But Hudibras, who ſtood the Bears
So oft againſt the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took ſtout Crowdero priſoner;
And did ſuch wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle ſlain,
We'ad had leſs reaſon to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight ſo ſerv'd before?

H…
If he … nge
He might, perhaps, have m…
More violent, and fitting for…
A knight so fam'd in Civil wa…
To sum up all, from love and da…
He's now (O! happy Knight) a …
…nd if a Muse can ought foretell,
…is fame shall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be,
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAP…

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras
A Knight as errant as e'er was;
The controversy only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wise;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best cou'd fight or pray;
So till those questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
…l as oft took pains in tubs;
…n the most that can be said,
…ray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.

nk
with his wit.
ught to tell,
onel;
d Caufe ftood buff,
r kick and cuff.
nip's dead and gone,
lies beneath this ftone,
lefir'd to look,
ements in his Book;
referve of Knight the Tale,
nd Death itfelf fhall fail.

H

Preface,

The Elephant in the M

Ditto, in long verse,

Ditto, a fragment,

Repartees between Cat a

in the modern heroic w

To the Hon. Edward How

comparable poem of the

A Palinode to the Hon. Ed

upon the same,

A Panegyric upon Sir John

from his madness,

Upon Critics who judge of mode

by the rules of the Ancients,

Prologue to the Queen of Arrago

the Duke of York, upon his birt

Epilogue to the same. To the Duch

Upon Philip Nye's thanksgiving bea

S Satire upon the weakness and misery

Hi Ditto upon the licentious age of Charl

Full Ditto upon gaming,

Ditto to a mad poet,

our ridiculous imitation of the

on drunkenness,

11
im and
Part I. 120
on of the fore-
128
nformist. A Pinda-
141
Pindaric ode, 151
of the most renowned
ode, 156
Conjectured to be on Oli-
I. 166
169
ghts, 172
e, 206
and, ib.
207
ib.
lub of sots, 208
gy, ib.
itaph,

LO PRESS,
TINS,
1777.

THE END.